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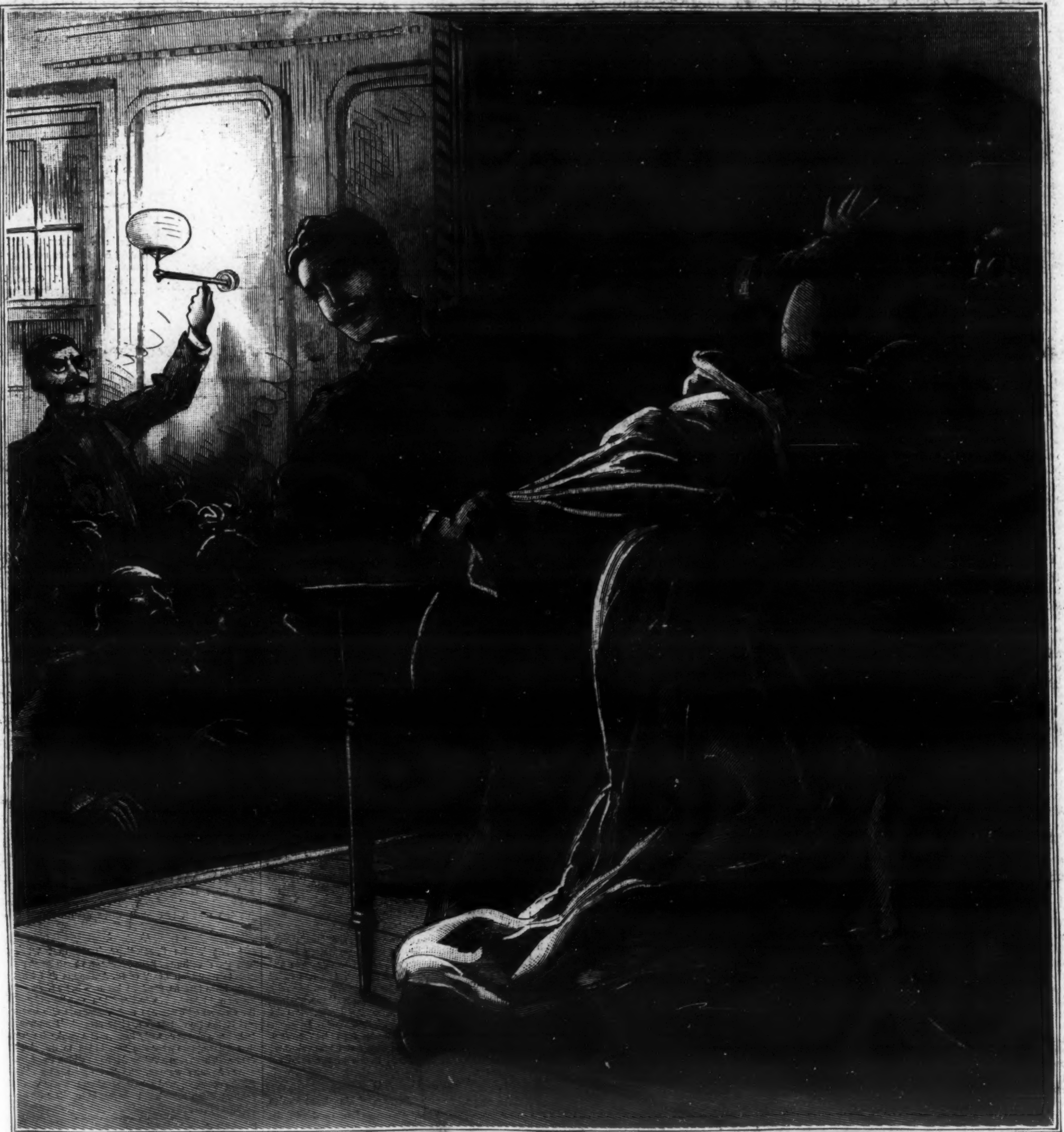
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RICHARD F. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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BROKE UP THE SHOW.

THE VEIL OF MYSTERY IS RUDELY TORN FROM A SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCE AT BRUNSWICK, GA.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Fox Building,
Franklin Square, New York.

THERE is a great moral for employers in the tale of the eloping typewriter and cashier. Where there is cash and hearts lying around loose in an office a "manufactured" woman seems to be the most desirable as well as the safest thing.

THE fall season of theatricals has opened, and the inhabitants of the little towns in the vicinity of the big towns are being treated to initial performances of new shows, which are being "tried on the dogs." There is every indication of a prosperous season, and there are more burlesque and spectacular attractions than ever before. If the citizens of Kankakee and Oshkosh do not become familiar with the curves of the female form this year they had better give it up.

THE experience of very young Mr. Vernon, of Chicago, sounds an awful note of warning to young men who are inclined to fall in love with ladies whose mode of living is a trifle erratic. Mr. Vernon came from Chicago with very little money. His winsome face attracted to his side a team of very nice girls. When very young Mr. Vernon pulled off \$7,000 on the races and proceeded to celebrate, the winsome girls, who felt they ought to come in somewhere, hauled him out of his hotel and shoved him into a cab. By this time he is probably in a nice little flat somewhere with Mabel and Pearl, discussing Europe.

CONDITIONS of wind and weather in the recent yacht race between Defender and Vigilant were truly not of the best, and the experts will doubtless be able to pick as many flaws in the contest as there were in the fluke and capricious wind. When all is said and done, however, the fact remains that Defender has at last beaten Vigilant by a margin that leaves no doubt of the new boat's essential and great superiority. Whether she can outfoot the big racing machine Valkyrie III. nobody knows, and until there has been a race between them one man's guess is as good as another's. But of one fact we can be very sure and very proud. Save the cup or lose it, Defender is the most beautiful and most wonderful yacht that was ever launched in this or any other country. The sight of her standing up in a forty-mile breeze and carrying a club topsail was enough to warm every American heart. The more honor to her American builder, to her patriotic American manager, and to her sturdy, quick, intelligent American sailors!

MASKS AND FACES.

Just a Few Words About Black Crooks and Bald-Headed Men.

A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

Ethel Carter Plays a Star Part as a Protector of Woman's Rights.

CARMELO'S CASTILIAN BEAUTY.

The "Crooks" are all in full blast, and the season of drama, comedy and burlesque has burst like a rocket, and is now showering the country with its multitude of stars. There might be some few persons who would purposely misunderstand that term "Crooks" and suggest that thieves were meant. There was a time when there was only one Crook, and that was "The Black Crook," with the accent on the "The," and furthermore, it was presented by only one company. But the times have changed. In those days, it was understood that the bald-headed men were to have the front row. Of course, the front wasn't always taken up with bald heads, but the comic papers said it was, and illustrated their sayings, so we were made to believe they were right. Then one day an unusually observing young man connected with the daily papers wrote a paragraph to the effect that the Americans were naturally a bald-headed race, and that they were becoming more and more so every year, and he went on to say that in a few years there was every prospect of youths of eighteen and twenty years losing all their hair. It was a very interesting and readable item.

It was read by any number of theatrical managers, who believed it because they wanted to and reasoned it out this way: "If there is only one Black

of her absence was legitimate illness, which she could not have foreseen and which she could not have prevented. But a newspaper reporter, by name Douellen, thought differently, and when he returned to his office he wrote a story in which he said that the ascension would have been made had Miss Carter not looked so lovingly on the wine cup. In short, he accused her of being drunk. An obliging friend took a copy of the paper to the actress' room and showed her the offending article. She dressed with wonderful speed and, going out, bought a whip which was both long and strong. Then she went to the newspaper office, and not only laid the whip over the shoulders of the offending reporter, but gave the editor a slash or two to remind him of her presence.

Miss Carter's friends in the North haven't heard from her since, and they are worried lest she should have been arrested.

There is a story floating up and down the New York rials these days which is very interesting and has caused no end of talk. Of course there is a woman in it. There is a woman in nearly everything nowadays—they are even in trousers. The woman in this case is Lottie Baymont. The men are Charles Chappelle, Miss Baymont's husband; Jim Murphy, who has won Miss Lottie's affections, and James Murphy, mutual friend, who knows them all. Reads quite like a "cast of characters" so far, doesn't it?

The break between husband and wife occurred some

and will go home with Loretta. He has stuck by the petite little actress until he has succeeded in reconciling his family to her. So popular has she become as Lady Sholto, that a short time ago the officers of the school ship Zaragosa, at present lying in San Francisco Bay, gave a dinner in her honor. But one thing is noticeable and that is that the lord and his lady have steered very clear of Bakersfield, the scene of her former theatrical triumphs.

Carmelo, the very charming young woman who made her advent into vaudeville a short time ago, has been a most agreeable surprise. She is unusually refined in her act, and has as a result met with unusual success. She is one of the few vaudeville artists who compose original music and write original verse to go with it. Her name Carmelo, is an heirloom, handed down from daughter to daughter, and it carries with it a strain of the purest Castilian blood.

More surf rescuee, more actress, and more luck! This time the actress was the rescued, and an actor was the rescuer. If they were not theatrical there might be a chance for them to "live happily ever after." The woman is Miss Carrie Turner, who a year ago attempted a star part in a play of her own, and failed. She was bathing in the surf at Stamford, Conn., frolicking and sporting in the waves when she screamed. Miss Turner is an expert and fearless swimmer, of course. They are all that. Well, when she screamed no one on the beach felt that he or she was a good enough swimmer to go out and help Miss Turner to a place where her toes could touch something solid, but Mr. Mantell, who was standing on the beach fully dressed, felt that it would be a breach of professional etiquette to allow Miss Turner to go down for keeps.

So he threw off his coat and shoes and dashed in. He looked perfectly lovely as the water hissed around his pink shirt and took the starch out of his collar, but he swam on and rescued Miss Turner. He caught her as she was going down for the last time, and he brought her in to shore amid the cheers of the crowds.

This all happened on a Sunday afternoon, so you can see what a fine moral could be tacked on here if it was necessary. But when a person has been filled with enough water to take a bath, morals don't set very well.

Zella Nicolaus, who has gained considerable notoriety by reason of her several suits against George J. Gould, has made her first appearance as a theatrical star at a matinee at the Lyceum Theatre, Philadelphia. Unlike many venturesome women, Miss Nicolaus did not essay the character of Juliet or any of the Shakespearian heroines, but contented herself with a minor part in a burlesque entitled "The Golden Age."

Miss Nicolaus had very little dialogue to master, and one short poem to render. The former consisted of a brief reply to the chorus of welcome from the girls and a few side remarks. In this she was natural and unstrained. Her voice was sweet and melodious, but nervousness prevented her from making full use of it. Many of her words were scarcely audible. This was also the case with the first two stanzas of the poem, "The Two Summers."

Towards the end of the recitation she fully recovered herself and gained lots of confidence, and delivered the words in a loud

tone and with good gestures. Her efforts were well received by the audience, which packed the theatre to its doors, and she was the recipient of many handsome floral designs. Compared with the debut of Eva Ray Hamilton, Miss Nicolaus was an artistic success.

Her dress reached to within a few inches of the ankles. While the first appearance of Zella Nicolaus cannot be lauded as an artistic dramatic success, she gives every indication of proving herself considerably above the average burlesque actress. From a financial standpoint her new experience promises to leave nothing to be desired.

Her appearance in "The Golden Age" was preliminary to her appearance in the "White Crook."

James Thornton, who has reached that point in life where he has his own show, is very much in evidence these days. So far his future looks unusually bright and there doesn't seem to be any chance of his losing in his new venture. While the fact is not generally known, Mr. Thornton is a most expert driver and can handle a tandem with most consummate skill and grace. On September 9 his show opens at one of the best houses in New York city, Tony Pastor's, and the fact that it is booked there argues well for his success.

"The White Crook" produced last week at Mizer's rehabilitated Bowery Theatre has enough pretty girls to tempt an army of St. Anthonys and what is sometimes just as good as beauty—in its place—some very good talent. Nellie Franklyn was bewildering in the number of costumes and characters she assumed, and Helen Russell was a close second. Brannan and Daly are a clever comedy team, and Alice Leslie proved that she could do what she was billed to do—sing and dance. There was a Trilby dance in which more than a score of young women, who had discarded stockings for the occasion, modestly capered on the stage. These young women have had their feet in training for a long while and they are now splinter proof.

Sparkles With Spice!

A SHE DEVIL. No. 12 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Exciting text and 71 piquant illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



Idols of the Bald-Headed Man.

time ago, when Brophy was with "The Amazons" out in California, and there is where Brophy showed up strong as a heart breaker. The men did not meet until the other day when Chappelle and Murphy were standing

on the corner of Twenty-eighth street and Broadway talking about the weather, the silver question and the dry Sundays. Brophy came along and rushing up to Murphy, shook hands with him violently and began discussing the scenery.

Chappelle bit a huge piece off a plug of tobacco and began to chew on it viciously. When he had ground it fine enough he took a step forward and spat the chocolate colored mess over Brophy's face, his shirt bosom and his clothes.

"That's for this time," he said, "the next time I'll kill you." Then he walked away, while Brophy headed for a Turkish bath.

No one said anything about the woman, and it might be interesting to know whom she is sympathizing with just at present, the chewer or the bespattered one.

When a woman inspires man to write poems about her eyes, her lips and her neck, she must be very much out of the ordinary. A well-dressed man walked on the American Roof Garden a few days ago and asked for Madge Ellis. When he saw her he handed her a roll of paper tied up with a blue ribbon. "What is this?" asked the little comedienne. "It is a poem I have written about you," was the reply.

When Miss Ellis opened it she found half a dozen verses of very good poetry in which she was eulogized to an alarming extent. That is one of the results of popularity.

As serenely as the flowers of May Lord Sholto Douglas and his bride, who was Loretta Addis, the Bakersfield, Cal., music hall singer, bob up with wonderful regularity. Of late the young son of the Marquis of Queensberry has been trying to live down all the unpleasant things that have been said about him in California, but he found it was no use and he has given up

Crook company in a country of bald heads there won't be a house built big enough to hold the rush. Ergo—Room for more companies."

And they came.

Black Crooks by the dozen; White Crooks galore, and Clown Crooks in plenty, until finally a man named Bill Crook starred himself as Hamlet and filled the country with a great deep feeling of distrust. Then most of the Crooks vanished, and a good many of the girls married and settled down because it was easier than walking home; while some settled down and didn't marry, because they couldn't forget Billy and Jimmy, or Jack, "who was so good to me when I was sick."

But now the Crooks are at it again, and although, as the reporter prognosticated, the country is not a bald headed one, they will all probably make money, and in the fall the nice girls who work for \$6, \$8 and \$10 a week and carfare, and save it all, bless their hearts, will blossom out like American beauties with their three carat diamonds and sealskins and everybody will be happy.

So, after all, the Crooks are a good thing.

Miss Ethel Carter, who hails from New York city, and who, a short time ago, appeared in the specialty performance at Tivoli Park, a summer resort near Savannah, Ga., has been getting her name in the papers in that town in as big type as if she had a press agent on her staff. It seems, from the story that came out, that Miss Carter was billed to make a most wonderful balloon ascension one afternoon. The balloon was there, but the lady wasn't. It was announced that the cause

Our Dainty Stage Darlings!

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Interesting Tale of Miss Jerome, of Canton, O., and the Doctor.

JUST A CASE OF PLAIN KISS

Weehawken Sports who Wanted to See a Nude Dance Done Out of Money.

REFUSED EVEN FIG LEAVES.

Miss Helen Jerome, the handsome sixteen-year-old daughter of E. M. Jerome, cashier of the Minerva Bank, Canton, O., has made some startling charges against Dr. F. K. Young, proprietor of the New Way Health Home. Miss Jerome has been paying a visit to Miss Ada Silverman, who is taking treatment at the institution. Miss Jerome is a modest young lady, a splendid pianist and a good conversationalist. Dr. Young, who is a man of fifty years, took a fancy to the



She Played the Piano Beautifully.

young lady, and according to her statement he has been guilty of kissing her. The doctor has been getting water for his patients at an out-of-the-way place in Smith's Woods, and one evening recently, as the girl states, he asked Miss Jerome to ride with him to the place. When the spring was reached she says he hugged and kissed her. She jumped from the carriage, she says, and made her way to a neighboring farmhouse. Dr. Young said that he did kiss her on several occasions for playing selections on the piano that suited him, but that the story of the episode at the springs is not true.

A quiet tip to the effect that a cocha-cocha dance would be given by two nude female dancers in the rooms of the Odd Jollite Club, in West New York, caused about half a hundred admirers of the undraped human figure to wander to the outskirts of West New York, near Weehawken, late last Thursday night. At the club-room an admission fee of \$2 was charged, and when the doors had been closed all hands waited anxiously for developments.

The first number on the programme passed off without a hitch. It consisted of graceful gyrations by a fairy in Oriental costume.

She retired to make room for the advertised cocha-cocha dancers. There were to be two of them. It was just about time for them to appear when a terrible rumper was heard behind the curtain. There were sounds of an angry man and something that sounded like a set-to. Just as the audience was wondering what the row was about, the master of ceremonies appeared on the stage and said:

"The two ladies who were to do this beautiful dance arrived here all right, but just as they were about to go on the stage, the husband of one of them appeared at the clubhouse and objected to his wife appearing nude before an audience. The husband is making such a fuss that the show can't go on. The ladies are willing to dance with a fig-leaf costume."

While the speech was being made the treasurer skipped out with the funds and the female dancers were spirited away. When the audience found how they had been sold there was a big bullabuloo. The lights were turned out and the managers fled.

When the late train from Grand Rapids, Mich., arrived at the Union Station, Richmond, Ind., among the passengers who stepped off was J. J. Jones of Monticello, Ind., a wealthy farmer. In his company was his daughter, Miss Dora Jones, a young lady of more than ordinary beauty and intelligence. The pair were en route to Camden, Ohio, where Mr. Jones wished his daughter to remain for some time and recover from the effects of a most unpleasant circumstance which occurred a few days since. She was to have been wedded a few days previously to a young man who, it is said, resides at Caldwell, O.

But the ceremony was not performed, owing to the fact that the groom-to-be failed to put in an appearance. Very naturally, Miss Jones was much grieved, and finally became almost prostrated. The considerate father was inclined to believe that a change would do his daughter good, hence they had started for Camden, although it develops that it was much against the girl's wishes. It was necessary for them to remain in Richmond over night, and it was Mr. Jones' intention to take the 4 o'clock Cincinnati train for Camden the next morning. Before going to their rooms at the Arlington Hotel, however, the girl persuaded her father to decide upon going on the 9 o'clock train instead, as the first was "entirely too early," she said. He gave in to the request, and both retired to their rooms. At 5 o'clock

in the morning Miss Jones left the hotel and purchased a ticket for Caldwell, Ohio, and a few minutes later was a passenger on a train.

Two hours later Mr. Jones, upon arising, discovered that his daughter's room was vacant, and he immediately made inquiry at the depot of Ticket Agent Johnson, who handed the old gentleman a note which the girl had left in his care. The note read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER: I am going after him; I must do it or I will die. Don't attempt to follow me or locate me, for if you do I will commit suicide. Forgive me for spending your money."

The missive was not signed, but the father well understood what had happened, and his grief for a few moments was very noticeable. He told the story of the sad culmination of his daughter's love affair, but said he would not attempt to find the girl, as she was evidently determined in her purpose. Mr. Jones left for Camden later.

As Miss Annie Gore, of Nicholas county, Kentucky, was returning home from Carlisle one night recently in a buggy she was accosted by a white man named Jack Gilvin, who is sixty years old. When he halted her she tried to drive past him, but he caught her horse by the bridle and jumping into the buggy told her that she was at his mercy. Miss Gore is an athletic young woman, and she gave Gilvin a hard fight, which resulted in her assailant being thrown from the buggy. Before he could regain his feet she laid the whip to her horse and escaped.

After several hours' search Gilvin was captured and lodged in the Carlisle jail. Miss Gore bore up bravely after the trying ordeal until 9 o'clock that night, when her entire nervous system gave way. Her physician is in constant attendance. If she dies it will be impossible to prevent the friends of her family from lynching Gilvin.

BEN HARRIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Ben Harris, who is a very well-known young man in theatrical circles, severed his connection with the American Roof Garden the last of August with a benefit. Sunday night benefits, as a rule, are not what they are supposed to be, and are only inaugurated for the purpose of drawing a crowd on a dull night. But the management of the American Roof Garden, of New York city, haven't found it necessary to resort to any such artifices this season. As a result the benefit was one of the few legitimate ones. The bill would show that. On the programme were such artists as Weber and Fields, Madge Ellis, Annie Hart, Clarisse Agnew, May Howard, Fields and Lewis, Pat Reilly, Sam Bernard, Will Denning, Thompson & Collins, John Tierney, Charles B. Ward and Nick Adams. There were more, of course, but these are simply names of representative artists who appeared for Mr. Harris. It is scarcely necessary to say the benefit was a successful one and that it was Mr. Harris who helped make it so.

PERMITTED WOMEN TO ROB THEM.

The gallantry of the Western man is proverbial, and



Her Reward For Good Playing.

it suffered a severe test in a stage coach near Fresno, Cal., recently, when two women, who are good-looking enough to ornament any home, jumped out on the road and gave the regulation yell of "Hands up." Even the driver was paralyzed by the business-like way in which the Amazons got down to work, and he held up his hands with the rest. Both women climbed into the stage and looked around at the occupants.

"I can see you are all gentlemen," said one, "and that you wouldn't take advantage of two women who are trying to make an honest living, so if you like you can put your hands down and get out your money and jewelry."

The funny part of it all was that they all gave up, and the women gracefully retreated. Those Californians were so gallant that the sheriff and his posse hasn't yet bothered about looking for the Amazons.

Oh, Mama, Buy Me That!

The latest of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Woman's Wickedness. No. 19. That charming story from the French. By Georges Ohnet. It's only 50 cents, mailed to your address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

OVER A HUNDRED INJURED!

A Wild Engine Crashes Into a Train at Woodlawn, L. I.

FOUR CARS ARE SET ON FIRE

Neighboring Houses are Turned Into Temporary Receiving Hospitals.

JANSON ABANDONED HIS POST.

Another awful railroad accident on the Sea Beach Railroad, Long Island, has occurred, and over one hundred persons were injured. Four of the passenger cars were smashed into kindling wood and then burned to ashes. The accident occurred late on the afternoon of Labor Day, when the excursionists were returning home from a day of pleasure. When the accident occurred at the Woodlawn Park station there were seventeen cars carrying more than 1,000 men, women and children. That no person was killed outright is a miracle.

The list of the injured is:

Antron, Jennie, of No. 531 West Seventy-second street, skull fractured; taken to Norwegian Hospital; will die.
August, George, of No. 277 Avenue B, leg crushed and head bruised.
Blake, John, thirty-four years old, of Newark, N. J., leg broken; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Burleton, Miss Nellie, of No. 122 West Eleventh street, both eyes injured; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Cellar, Max, of No. 1,306 Third avenue; hurt about the head; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Coenman, Allison, of Newark, N. J.; ankle sprained; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Cooney, John, twenty-seven years old, of Harrison, N. J.; both legs out, right knee cap injured; left ankle twisted; taken to Seney Hospital.
Cooney, Mrs. Kate, twenty-five years old; wife of John Cooney; compound fracture of left leg; taken to Seney Hospital; will be crippled for life.
Denehan, John, of No. 338 East Eighty-first street; slightly injured; went home.
Hammond, George, of No. 280 Second avenue, left leg crushed; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Held, Louis, twenty-four years old, of No. 176 Stanton street, leg out and fractured; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Huston, James, of Kearny, N. J., leg out; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Huston, Mrs. J., wife of James Huston, leg out; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Huston, Thomas, child of Mr. and Mrs. James Huston, concussion of the brain and severe internal injuries; taken to Norwegian Hospital; will die.
Kansbaum, Henry M., of No. 315 East Eighth street, head and back hurt; taken home.
Kemp, W. W., twenty-seven years old, of No. 125 Summit street, Brooklyn, arm sprained.
King, Mrs. Elizabeth, of No. 127 Jackson street, Newark, contusions of body; taken to neighboring outages.
Kruger, Henry, of No. 311 East Seventy-third street; slightly hurt; went home.
Levenson, Joseph, twenty-three years old, a sailor, of No. 150 Attorney street; skull fractured and body bruised; taken to St. John's Hospital; condition considered critical.
Levy, Abraham, of No. 13 Sheriff street; scalp wound.
McCur, Joseph, of No. 234 East Twenty-fifth street; head and back hurt; taken to St. John's Hospital.
McGraith, Thomas, of No. 440 East Forty-seventh street.
McKenna, Mary, of Newark, N. J., sister of Mrs. John Cooney; both ankles sprained; taken to Seney Hospital.
Maragel, Louis, of No. 48 Norfolk street, leg fractured and spine injured; taken to Norwegian Hospital; will die.
Matthews, Patrick, of No. 118 Adams street, Newark.
Merchant, C. H., of No. 118 West Twelfth street; left leg fractured; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Miley, Gustav, twelve years old, of Newark, N. J.; three ribs broken; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Milling, Augustus, of No. 90 Clinton street; leg bruised; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Montclair, Miss Lillie, of No. 133 West 180th street; injuries to head; supposed to have gone home.
Neff, Lizzie, forty-two years old, of No. 843 East Tenth street; right ankle dislocated and scalp cut; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Palmer, William K., sixty years old, of No. 84 Thomas street, Newark, N. J.; compound fracture of left leg; taken to Seney Hospital, where the leg was amputated at the knee.
Roeman, Joseph, twenty-six years old, of No. 105 Goerck street; injuries to body and back; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Rosenberger, E., of No. 1,066 Third avenue; compound fracture of right leg. Taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Rosenberger, Bertha, wife of E. Rosenberger; head cut; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Rowe, Jacob P., of No. 356 Elm street, Newark, N. J.; ribs fractured and both feet fractured; taken to Norwegian Hospital; condition considered critical.
Rowe, Mrs. Sophia, wife of Jacob P. Rowe; contusions about the body; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Rowe, Russell, three years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob P. Rowe; fatally crushed; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Scholler, Margaret, of Wright street, Newark, N. J.; hip dislocated; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Siederstrong, August, forty years old, of No. 400 East Thirtieth street; compound fracture of both legs; taken to Norwegian Hospital; injuries fatal.
Stipek, Emil, of No. 128 East Seventy-third street; slightly injured; went home.
Sugarmann, C., twenty-four years old, of No. 127 Madison street; neck sprained.
Sullivan, Mrs. Kate, sixty years old, of Newark, N. J.; hip and spine hurt; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Walsh, Maggie, eighteen years old, of No. 171 Eighth avenue, Newark, N. J.; scalp wound; went home.
Woods, John, twenty years old, of No. 452 Mulberry street; hips bruised.
Wood, Charles H., of No. 708 Third avenue; face crushed and leg broken; taken to Norwegian Hospital; injuries fatal.
Wood, Mrs. Charles H., left leg and both ankles badly jammed; taken to Norwegian Hospital.
Wood, ———, child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Wood; seriously injured; taken to Norwegian Hospital.

The accident was caused by Engine No. 6, used for switching in the yard at Bay Ridge, and it was in charge of Engineer Frank Jansen. He had helped a heavy train over the hill and had started back when he found his lever wouldn't work. He crashed into a vacant car, which did not stop the engine's momentum, and then he jumped to save his own life, while No. 6, under a full head of steam, followed up the excursion train. It caught it at Woodlawn and crashed into the rear car.

JACK DAVIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Davis may be a world beater in the lightweight class and he may not, but the sporting people of Lafayette, Ind., have pretty good reasons for believing that he ought to be classed among the aspirants for the championship. He is twenty-eight years old, stands five feet nine and one-half inches and weighs, in condition, 128 pounds. He claims the credit of nineteen victories and three draw battles, one of fifty-eight rounds with Billy Poole; one with Mike Finn, of Denver, Colo., sixty-five rounds, and one with Billy O'Donald, of Pittsburg, twenty-one rounds.

Davis claims to have backing for \$500. He is the man who defeated Dick Nolan, of Louisville, Ky., before the Memphis Athletic Club on the 8th of October, 1892. Nolan died eight hours after the fight from punishment received in the battle.

MILDRED PHILLIPS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Sam T. Jack, the organizer of the original Creoles, has a happy faculty of picking all winners in the shape of beautiful women for his several companies. His selection of Miss Phillips has been an especially happy one. In her case the three graces necessary to success in spectacular and burlesque plays are possessed by her. She has beauty of a most rare, delicate and refined character; her form is so beautiful and perfect in its proportions as to leave nothing lacking, and her talent for the line of work in which she has been cast is undisputed. Nothing more can be said that would give a better idea of the young woman who is represented in her newest costume on page 4 of the present issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

OBJECTED TO BLOOMERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. Henry Bach, of San Francisco, doesn't like bloomers. He is a wholesale and retail liquor dealer at 717 Valencia street, and his ideas on the bloomer and bicycle question are very strong. He knew nothing about his wife's bicycle riding propensities until he happened to pick up her shoe one day. He noticed it was all scratched on the bottom. Then he decided to watch. One day, as he was watching near Foss & English's place, near the park, his wife wheeled up. He made a rush and captured her. She refused to go home and change her clothes. Then Mr. Bach tore the bloomers off her.

Now they don't speak.

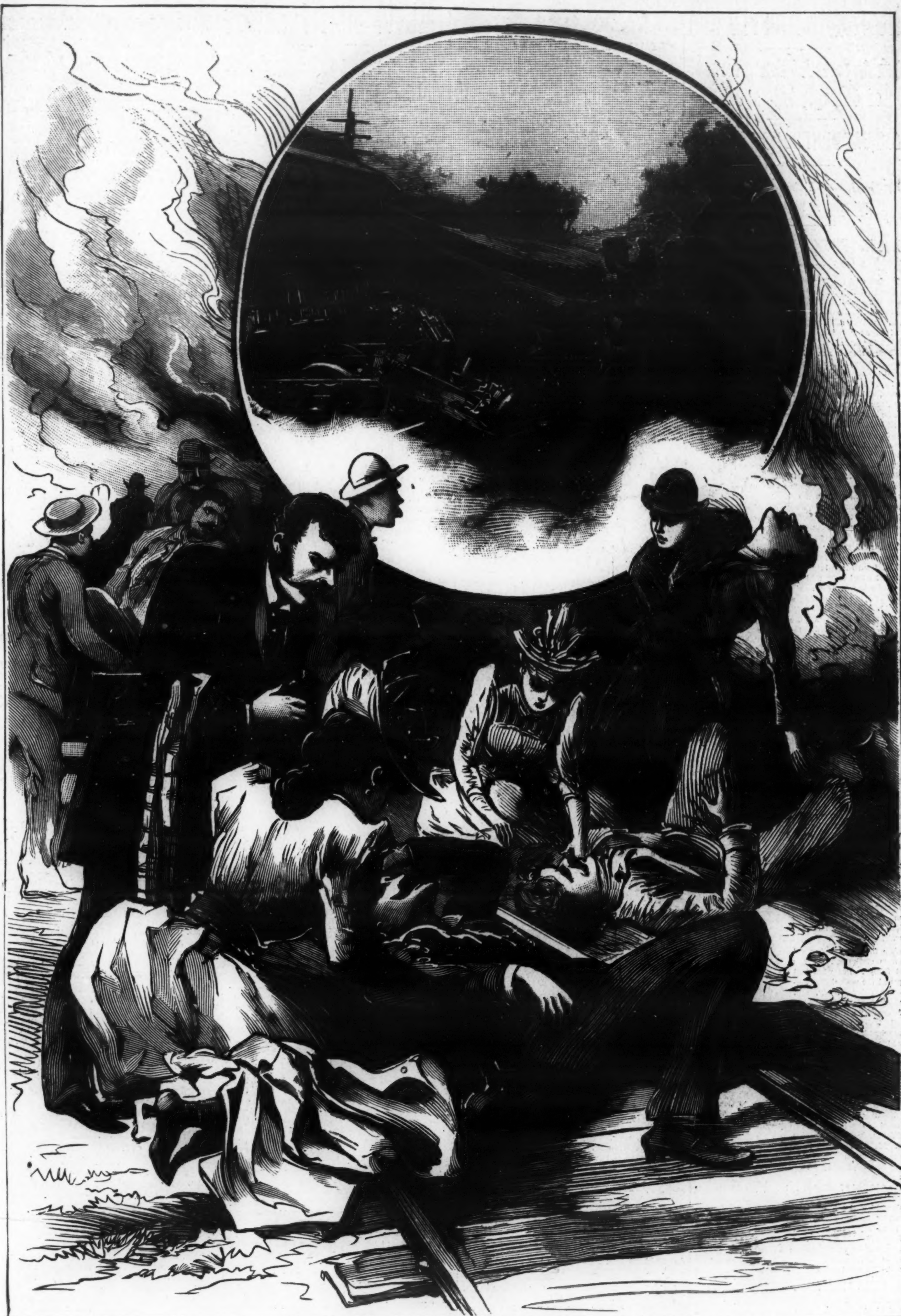
A Straight Tip.

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MILDRED PHILLIPS.

WHOSE PERFECT PROPORTIONS HAVE MADE HER A VALUABLE ADDITION TO "THE BULL FIGHTER."



OVER A HUNDRED INJURED.

A RUNAWAY ENGINE ON THE SEA BEACH RAILROAD, ABANDONED BY THE ENGINEER, CRASHES INTO A CROWDED EXCURSION TRAIN AT WOODLAWN, L. I.

TWO WOMEN WHIPPED HIM

Then they Hustled Young Vernon,
of Chicago, Into a Cab.

THIS HAPPENED IN NEW YORK

He Won \$7,000 on the Races, and Was
Spending it Right Royally.

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE HE IS.

The ladies of the Tenderloin district of New York city have a delightfully unconventional habit of breaking out occasionally and doing something that makes a rare item of public news. Two representatives of their sex in that district did something last week which fully sustains the reputation of what is popularly known as Tenderloin "tarts."

Of course there is a man in the case—there always is. This one, however, can scarcely be called a man in years because he has not yet reached his majority. His name is Frank M. Vernon, and he hails from Chicago, whither he came about two weeks ago. His New York city experience has been a peculiar one, for since he has been here he has experienced a great many ups and downs in more ways than one and he finally wound up with a severe thrashing which was administered to him by a couple of young and exceedingly muscular women of the genus nymph.

The scene of Mr. Vernon's suffering was the reading room of the Hotel Marlborough, which was entered at three o'clock in the afternoon by two well-dressed young women, who arrived in a cab. When told that Mr. Vernon was out they quietly explained that their business with the young man was urgent, and then serenely took possession of two chairs in the men's reading room within ten feet of the main entrance.

An hour slipped by before the unsuspecting young Chicagoan strolled in, smoking a cigarette and flicking the dust from his dandy patent leather shoes with a perturbed silk handkerchief. The women arose as he unconsciously advanced to his fate. One was a stately blonde and her companion a buxom brunette. The light of battle glittered in their eyes, and the gloved right hand of each gripped the handle of a tightly rolled parasol.

Vernon had reached the centre of the office when the storm broke. The big blonde glided up behind him, swung her trusty sun shade high in the air and brought it down with a resounding whack on the youth's right ear.

As quick as lightning she shot out her left hand, swept away the shattered straw hat and plucked out a bunch of Mr. Vernon's carefully arranged hair.

"Go easy! What are you doing?" yelled the suffering and astounded youth as he dodged another clutch and made for the door.

But the brunette was waiting for him on the threshold, evidently having anticipated his retreat in that direction. She sailed into him with the fury of a cyclone and swept him across the sidewalk in a storm of blows and kicks straight into the open door of the waiting cab.

Before the astonished crowd of guests, clerks and bell boys could fairly realize what had happened the vanquished Vernon was driven away, still struggling feebly in the clutches of his energetic little conqueror. The stately blonde smoothed down her ruffled plumage, pocketed the broken handle of her parasol and stalked away without a glance at the gaping crowd.

Young Vernon first appeared at the Marlborough about two months ago, not as a guest, but as an applicant for assistance. He was a modest, good-looking little fellow, and his tale of hard luck was told in an earnest and convincing fashion. He said he came to this city expecting to visit influential friends, only to find that they were summering at a distant point.

Several of the hotel clerks took an interest in the youthful stranger and helped him along with small loans. Matters ran along in this way until last Saturday night, when young Vernon walked up to the hotel desk, and, tossing a roll of bills to the cashier, said:

"You will find \$7,000 there. Kindly put it in the safe for me."

This sudden rise from penury to affluence was explained by the fortunate youth as an outcome of Requila's victory in the Futurity.

"You see," said he, "I received a remittance of \$100 this morning from a relative in Lexington, Ky., and, acting on my friend Riley Grannan's advice, pulled off this roll. Now I'll trouble all around here who helped me in my time of need to put in their claims."

"You can bet he was a thoroughbred," said an employee of the Marlborough in telling the story. "Every man who had loaned him from ten cents to half a dollar had to take at least \$5 in payment or have a row about it. He just pranced around this office for an hour throwing money at the boys who had helped him."

It took young Vernon but a day to blossom out into a howling swell. By Monday evening he was radiant in

store clothes and diamonds, and when the fracas occurred he looked like a millionaire's son equipped for social conquest. Since his disappearance in the cab nothing has been seen of him at the hotel.

AMATEURS WHO CAN PLAY BALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In another column may be found portraits of the members of the crack Maysville, Ky., baseball team. The club this season has played 48 games and lost only 13, but its special claim to distinction in baseball circles is the record made against the League clubs, a record it is safe to say never equalled by any similar amateur organization in the world.

On June 28 Maysville played their first League game with the Reds, of Cincinnati, Phillips pitching for the professionals, and defeated them by a score of 4 to 3.

July 12 they met the Washington City Club, and were beaten in a close game 2 to 1. July 15 the club again met the Washingtons, and thrashed them by the remarkable score of 12 to 3, the Washingtons going all to pieces early in the game.

In the meantime the Cincinnati Club, who had been burning to wipe out their first defeat, arranged another date for Aug. 9, and went to Maysville with the avowed intention of reducing the "swelled heads" of the home team. They were accompanied by all the leading sporting editors of the Queen City. In a rattling game from start to finish, with "Jockey" Tom Parrott in the box, and Buck Ewing himself on first base for the professionals, the Maysville boys gave them their second defeat by a score of 3 to 2.

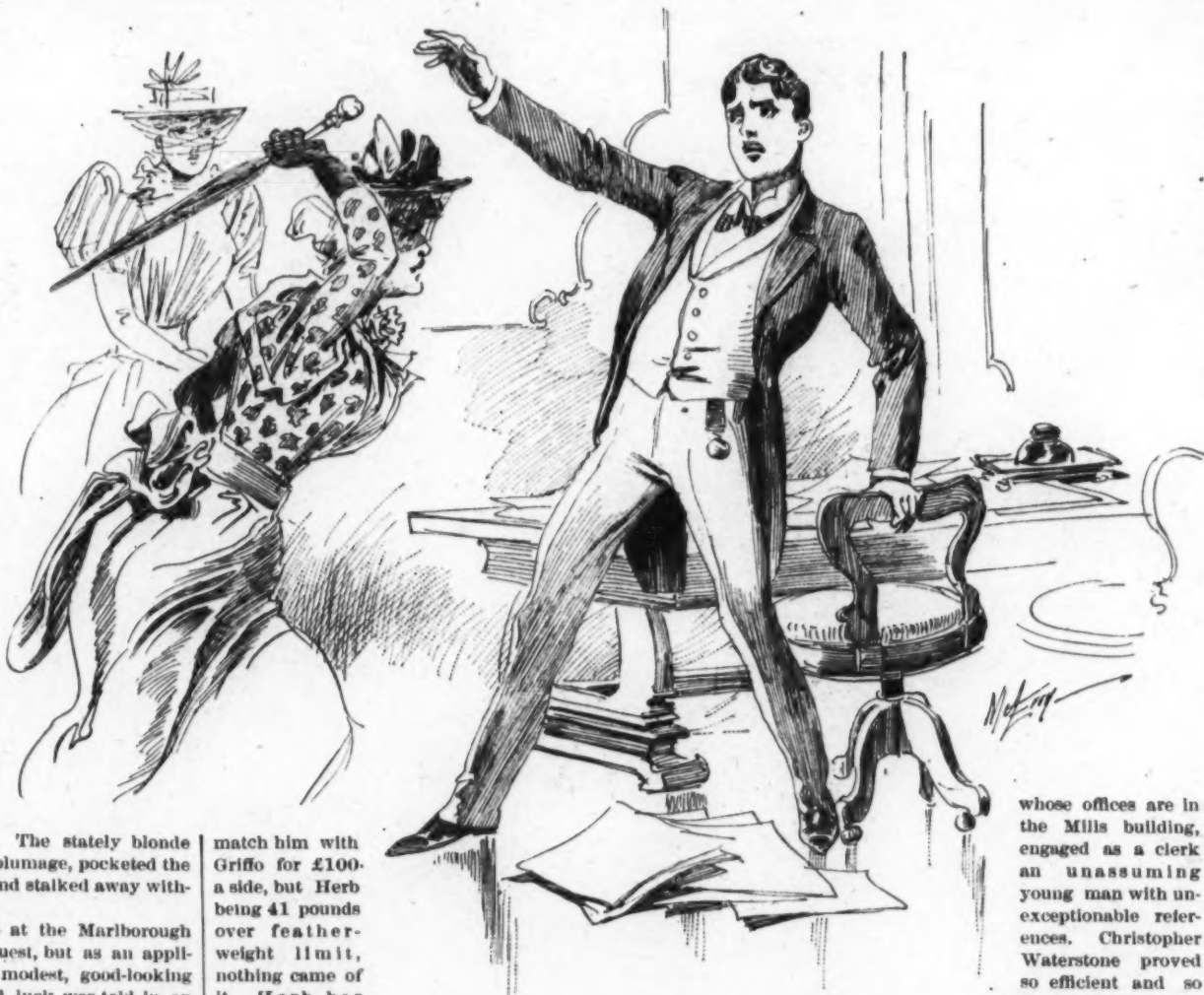
The Cincinnati papers, with one exception, next day pronounced the Maysville Club to be a marvel, and gave them unstinted praise for their magnificent work.

The home club now have under consideration a challenge from the Reds for three games, one on the Cincinnati grounds, one at Maysville, and the remaining game on neutral territory. They are also considering a challenge of \$1,000 for a series of five games from the club at Knoxville, Tenn.

HERB M'KELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The subject of this sketch is one of the hardest and most dashing fighters Australia or probably any other country ever produced. He is not a pretty fighter, but he is most effective, and can take an unknown quantity of punishment. He has £500 backing against any man living up to 145 pounds, and will visit America and South Africa at an early date. He was born in New South Wales, and is now 22 years old. In height he is 5 feet 7½ inches. Some of his earliest battles took place in Melbourne. He was then under 9 stone, and put up good performances against such men as Pinto, Elijah Jackson and others, then in their prime. It took middleweight Tom Duggan 14 rounds of hard fighting to beat him in the old Melbourne Athletic Club. Joe Goddard then took him to Sydney, where Joe endeavored to



She gave it to Him Good.

match him with Griffo for £100 a side, but Herb being 41 pounds over featherweight limit, nothing came of it. Herb has since traveled Australia from end to end, taking on all comers, irrespective of weight. He fought the Nyngan, N. S. W., heavyweight, Paddy Maher, with knuckles, for \$125 a side, and won in 3 rounds. While in West Australia, having a row with heavyweight Tom Lees, who defeated old Bill Farnan, an impromptu scrap took place with knuckles, Herb covering himself with glory, and his burly opponent, who was 50 pounds heavier, with bruises. The go was stopped by the spectators after 8 rounds had been fought. Defeated Bill Jennings (lightweight champion of Australia) in 15 of the fiercest and bloodiest rounds ever fought in Melbourne. Defeated Alec Wilson, the Ipswich heavyweight (who fought good battles with Harry Laing and Joe Goddard) in 4 rounds, after being severely punished.

Joe Mullen, the Boston featherweight, is out with a challenge to fight Martin Flaherty a limited number of rounds before the Suffolk Athletic Club, of Boston, next month, for a purse and stake.

Fair but Frail!

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TALE OF THE TYPEWRITER.

She was Pretty and Eloped with
Her Uncle, a Cashier.

HE "WON OUT" HIS EXPENSES

Now the Firm who Employed Them are
Looking for a Homely Girl.

HE FORGOT DUTY AND FAMILY.

He fell in love with a typewriter maid,
Whose manner was quite unassuming;
Then on the firm's cash box he made a neat raid,
Now they're off on a honeymoon spicing.

—Police Gazette Ballads.

There is a firm in New York city in which there are two vacancies, one for a cashier who has gilded references the other for a red-headed, cross-eyed typewriter lady, with false teeth and a wig. The persons who formerly held these positions have eloped, and the gentleman took with him to pay expenses, \$213.77 of the firm's money. The firm is Clapp & Co., and it does a big banking business. In addition to the loss of the firm there is a family up-town which has gone in mourning for the husband and father. A little over five years ago Clapp & Co., the bankers and brokers,

give Mr. Clapp an idea that his cashier had been using the firm's money to speculate with. Two expert accountants went over Waterstone's books, and found them correct in every particular. There was no sign or any shortage, except the \$213.77 that Waterstone had taken from the cash drawer.

Clapp & Co. decided that they had very cheaply got rid of a dishonest employee, and thanked their stars he had taken no more.

These facts would never have become public had Mr. Waterstone been a single man. But he had a wife and several children. Barring the fact that Mr. Waterstone usually arrived home late at night, he seemed to his neighbors to be a model husband and father. That is, until about six weeks ago. Then there was talk among the neighbors. This talk was caused by the fact that one night Mr. Waterstone brought home with him a tall young woman, who became a member of his household. It was given out that the young woman was his niece. She had a slightly foreign accent, and said that she was a French Canadian.

A week or two after her arrival it was common report about the vicinity that there were dissensions in the Waterstone household over the young woman. Then Mrs. Waterstone and her children went away to the country, leaving Waterstone and the prepossessing young "niece" in the house together. The gossip about this was not given time to get cold when it was noticed that nobody entered or left the Waterstone house. Nobody had seen the couple leave, but the house was apparently unoccupied.

A few days ago Mrs. Waterstone and her children reappeared, and then there was, indeed, something for the gossips to talk about, for Mrs. Waterstone began asking for tidings of her husband and his niece. Then the news of Waterstone's stealings came out. The Waterstones, mother and children, are now trying to forget there ever was such a person as Waterstone *per se*.

LOUIS J. BECK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Louis J. Beck, who for many years was a reporter on the principal newspapers of New York city, is now the superintendent of Beck's Secret Service Bureau, with offices in the Vanderbilt building on Nassau street, New York city.

Mr. Beck is amply fitted for his new work. Caesar, the sensational murderer of the day, who cut up and threw away Mary Martin's body on lower Sixth avenue, New York city, was caught by reporter. Mr. Beck was one of these. Robert Gray, who shot and killed Frank Sipp a few weeks ago on Seventh avenue and who attempted to escape, was caught by Mr. Beck and his assistant. Mr. Beck has travelled all over the United States. He is personally acquainted with nearly every chief of police in the country. It was Mr. Beck who broke up that too well organized crowd of green goods men, headed by Jimmie McNally, the king of green goods workers.

It is some years since Washington was stirred from top to bottom by the discoveries that bodies from newly made graves had been stolen. Mr. Beck arrested every member of that gang, who all got long sentences.

Percival, the forger who recently drew checks against the Lehigh and Scranton Coal Company for \$10,000, and for whom a reward of \$250 was offered, was caught by Mr. Beck. Mr. Beck located Percival in two days. The police had had the case for several weeks.

Charles H. Farrell, a tall round crook and confidence man, was caught by Mr. Beck. Farrell would stop at nothing. He was a blackmailer and as a result of his capture the New York *World* printed nearly a page in connection with his arrest.

Mr. Beck's latest achievement is the finding of Miss Lucretia Clark, the Plainfield, N. J., school teacher who wandered away some time ago.

THESE WOMEN WORKED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There are a few energetic new women in Guthrie, Oklahoma, and a short time ago they brought some of the men to a fitting sense of male insignificance. For a long time the West Guthrie Congregational church has been in need of repairs and, despairing of the men attending to the matter, a score of women appeared recently with hammers, hatchets, saws, planes and nails, and repaired walks, belfry roof and floor, while a crowd of men looked on in amazement. In spite of a few mashed fingers and some torn clothing, the women are pleased with their work, and announce that they will continue their good work until every thing is in the best of shape.

ED SPONDLY AND C. E. SMITH.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Ed Spondly's place on the North side, Chicago, Ill., located within one block of the great Ferris wheel, at No. 1367 Clark street, is recognized as one of the finest places of the kind in that city and is well patronized by the swell set.

Mr. C. E. Smith who tends bar and is Mr. Spondly's manager, is the most rapid mixer of drinks in the business. He has been in Mr. Spondly's employ for twelve years which of itself is a significant fact, while for the past three years he has been manager. If there is any bartender in the United States who thinks he can beat Mr. Smith mixing drinks his attention is hereby called to the fact that Mr. Smith has a challenge out.

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MRS. MORFORD PULLS HAIR

The Up-to-Date Woman Knows
How to Protect Property.

VICTOR OF A BRIEF CONTEST

She First Gained Fame as the Mother-in-Law of Col. Vanderbilt Allen.

MILFORD, PA.'S, BIG SENSATION.

It seems queer that two women when they reach that point where words cease to express their feelings properly will go to work pulling each other's hair. There was a time when hair was not so cheap, that it was considered a woman's stronghold of beauty, and it may be the Amazonian desire to do something dreadful which induces one woman to pull the locks out of another woman's head.

The latest and richest hair pulling contest occurred recently in Milford, Pa., and has created considerable of a sensation. The puller is Mrs. Lizzie Mott Morford, who is a daughter of Thomas B. Ridgeway, now deceased, who at one time was one of the most influential citizens of Pike county. She was married early in life to John C. Mott, and, after his death, in the course of time became the wife of James Morford, a railroad conductor on the Ulster county express, between Jersey City and Goshen.

Shortly after she had instituted proceedings against her husband, Mr. Morford died, leaving her well provided for. Among other property of which she became possessed was a beautiful glen at the lower end of Milford.

For twenty years visitors have enjoyed its privileges without molestation. Two years ago Mrs. Morford thought it no more than right that she receive a consideration for its use. Several hotelkeepers, whose guests had the benefits of its privileges, made up the required amount. A similar subscription was voluntarily made up last year, and this year being an unusually prosperous one, Mrs. Morford demanded a proportionate increase in her compensation.

The hotelkeepers said it was unreasonable. Mrs. Morford put up signs, giving warning that trespassers would be dealt with according to law. It had in the meantime developed that the upper portion of the glen belonged to Henry B. Wells, and the lower portion to the estate of Thomas Ridgeway, over which Mrs. Morford had no control.

Spite developed in an increased form and these portions were thrown open to the public. This enraged the owner of the middle strip and she kept a man at work watching for trespassers. He was indolent, and she went on duty.

On one Sunday afternoon, Gen. Ferraro and wife, of New York, Mrs. Erastus Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Walden, Mrs. Miller, of Staten Island, and a few friends after enjoying a dinner at the Fauchere House, where they were registered, they strolled to the glen, but were careful not to seat themselves on the forbidden ground.

Suddenly there came a cry from a woman, warning the party to move on. They argued their right to their seats, but words had no effect, and, seeing they were obstinate, the enraged Mrs. Morford threw handfuls of pine needles at the alleged intruders. Dirt followed in like manner, and, picking up a stone, Mrs. Morford passionately said:

"I could hit you with it."

Her passion gave way to better judgment, but she was determined that the party should vacate the premises. She pointed out where her line passed, and Mrs. Brown, the only one over it, was then summarily handled.

Mrs. Morford's parol was brought into requisition. When it was broken in two places she threw it aside, and, using her hands, pulled the hair of and mauled her contestant. The gentlemen realized the situation, and caused them to "break away."

Mrs. Brown returned to the hotel, where her swollen left arm was dressed, and she told of her adventure. She was praised for her pluck, but that did not give her redress. The other women contented themselves by taking the dirt and pine needles from the hair and clothing of the assaulted woman.

Soon it became known that Mrs. Morford was to be arrested. Mrs. Morford threatened arrest for trespassing and quickly summoned her lawyer, Frank Kimball, of Honesdale. It is rumored that matters will be settled out of court.

Virtually Mrs. Morford is the champion. She gave Milford a topic of conversation last year by her handling of Col. Vanderbilt Allen, whose mother-in-law she is, in difficulties of a domestic nature that arose, making it necessary for the colonel to leave his home, which consisted of an elegantly furnished cottage, which he sublet in a verbal agreement from Mrs. Morford.

It became necessary for him to leave on account of the mother-in-law. He afterward sent a truckman to his domicile for his goods, consisting of bric-a-brac, valuable furniture, his wearing apparel, medals of honor, etc., worth about \$8,000.

The colonel and the truckman were arrested for "forcible entry." They were released on writs of habeas corpus. Mrs. Morford slipped away on the following day, Sunday, to New York State, and evaded the storm. Matters were settled after the wrath became subdued. Col. Allen has not learned to be fond of his mother-in-law and although he is not friendly to her, he feels disgraced by the latest episode.

Mrs. Morford gained the title of being Milford's most famous mother-in-law by her episode with Col. Allen, and is now known as "Pike county's No. 1 mother-in-law."

BROKE UP THE SHOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A very handsome young woman, accompanied by a

somewhat elderly gentleman whom she called her uncle, made her appearance in Brunswick, Ga., a short time ago, and the pair were given accommodations in the house of a well-known spiritualist. To those of the faith the fetching young stranger was introduced as Miss Katherine Clyde.

From the day of her advent in the town she began to make friends, and so when it was announced that she was an exceptionally clever medium, and that she would give a seance, it was not at all difficult to fill the parlors of her temporary abode with a number of gentlemen who were willing to pay \$5 a head to witness a manifestation of her powers. Financially the show was a success, but from an artistic standpoint it was the most miserable kind of a failure.

So it happened that when a few days ago she gave another seance she came to grief. As she stood on a raised platform at one end of the room she announced in a dreamy voice that she would materialize the spook of Horace Greeley. Before she had a chance to bring forth the disembodied spirit of Horace, however, a very ungallant gentleman jumped to the platform as a couple of his friends turned on the lights, and seizing her made his way to the cabinet from where he pulled out the uncle, who was clumsily disguised as Greeley. Miss Clyde took immediate refuge in tears, whereas the ungallant gentleman apologized to her for his rudeness, and permitted her to go into another room.

"Suppose we get our money back now," suggested one of the audience, and so the uncle was hauled out and requested to make good.

"Miss Clyde has the money, gentlemen," he protested. "I am not her uncle. She only engaged me as an assistant."

Then a search was made for the handsome young woman with the soft voice and the expressive eyes, but she had gone. She went out the back door.

The field for spiritualists in Brunswick is vacant just at present.

SYLPHS OF THE GYMNASIUM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a new club in Detroit, Mich., and a new fad has sprung up among the young women of that select lakeside town. The club is known as the Physical Development Society and its origin is worth telling. It seems that the ladies of Detroit are very ardent and enthusiastic bicyclists and they have taken to the wheel in a most natural manner. After some months of steady road work those riders who were in the habit of contemplating their unadorned charms in the cheval glass noticed with horror that their legs, and especially their calves, were developing much faster than the other portions of the body. This was current gossip for some time until finally a gymnasium was suggested. The proposition was ballied with joy, and a few days



Just a Plain Case of Hair-Pulling.

later a large order was placed with a prominent sporting goods dealer of Chicago. A week later the Physical Development Society was in full blast. The costumes pictured in the illustration on the last page of this week's POLICE GAZETTE are absolutely correct as sketches of them were sent to this paper by a Detroit young woman who scoffs at the Physical Development Society idea and who declares that her sisters are going too far.

DALE SISTERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The two young women whose portraits appear in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE have made a more than enviable name for themselves in the profession which they have chosen. Both are unusually clever singers and dancers, and all their engagements have been most gratifying successes.

Cool Summer Drinks.

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EXTRA!

BOSTON'S BIG CARNIVAL.

Dixon Whips Johnnie Griffin
in 25 Hard Rounds.

O'BRIEN CAUGHT A TARTAR.

Joe Walcott's Sturdy Right Hand
Dropped Him in the First Round.

HEAVYWEIGHTS DID NOT FIGHT.

BOSTON, MASS., AUG. 31. [SPECIAL.]—There has been an embarrassment of pugilistic riches here this week.

The new Farragut Athletic Club made an auspicious beginning by giving a successful carnival of sport and the good that has been accomplished by the enterprising projectors of the affair is apparent in the great revival of public interest in affairs of a flistic character.

The sport began Tuesday night when the West Newton Street rink was crowded to its capacity

fighting from the start, and it was hot work from start to finish.

The fiercest fighting was in the first five rounds, and it looked as though Dixon would win in the first 15 minutes, but Griffin stayed with him gamely and was able to finish the stipulated number of rounds.

In the opening round Griffin smashed Dixon on the nose, and the colored lad was bleeding when he took his corner. O'Rourke, who was handling Dixon, claimed that Griffin's glove was defective, but an examination failed to reveal any trouble.

In the second round both men exchanged heavily, and Griffin got much the worst of it. But he succeeded in raising a good-sized mouse on Dixon's left eye with a stiff straight counter, and was himself bleeding at the nose when the round closed.

Dixon tried hard to get in a knock-out blow, but could not land at the right time. Griffin in the last 10 rounds adopted the foul elbow tactics and was cautioned by the referee.

Dixon fought fairly and scientifically, but he landed so heavily that it seemed as if Griffin's body would be ripped open.

Griffin's rally after the fifth round was a big surprise to his friends. In the eleventh round he was knocked through the ropes. He took his punishment so gamely that the sympathy of the crowd was with him. Yet all conceded that he was fairly whipped.

The second night of the carnival found Joe Walcott, O'Rourke's Black Wonder, and Dick O'Brien, of Lewiston, Me., the principal attractions. The meeting of these two celebrities was something of a disappointment to the flistic connoisseurs, for the reason that it did not last long enough to satisfy their appetites for fight. Walcott made short work of the Lewiston boxer, laying him out in one round. It was a knock-out pure and simple, but it was not accomplished until O'Brien had rallied from two blows after an interval of eight seconds on the floor in each case.

The fight was billed for twenty-five rounds, and the sporting men were evenly divided in opinion as to which was the better man: The weight was limited to 150 pounds. Both men trained faithfully for the contest, and O'Brien never looked in as good condition as he did then.

Walcott was the first to enter the ring and when O'Brien appeared it was easy to see that the white man was a great favorite. When they stood up to shake hands it seemed as if all the advantages were on O'Brien's side. He was half a head taller than Walcott and his arms were longer. But the colored man's muscles stood out like polished ebony, and when he faced O'Brien for business they played like so much oiled machinery.

Walcott won the choice of corners, and his actions seemed to indicate that he considered that a good omen. It proved to be such. Walcott was the first to land. It was a stiff left-hander in the face. O'Brien retaliated with a rib-roaster, and then there was a heavy exchange of body blows.

Walcott jumped in again and left a black and blue lump under O'Brien's left eye with a straight right-hander. O'Brien countered with a right swing on the jaw, but without effect. Then Walcott caught O'Brien on the jaw with a straight left. O'Brien went down, but staggered to his feet as the time-keeper counted eight. Immediately Walcott knocked him down again with a hard right-hand swing. Again the white man staggered to his feet just in time to save himself.

Walcott swung unsuccessfully two or three times and the crowd cheered O'Brien for his clever dodging. The latter seemed to have recovered his senses and even forced the fighting. He landed on Walcott's jaw, but the colored man only smiled. Walcott planted both hands under O'Brien's chin and then swung his right with the winning blow on the jaw. O'Brien couldn't get up after that punch and the referee declared Walcott the winner.

The Choyinski and Godfrey and the Garrad and Connolly fights, announced for the final night, were indefinitely postponed. About 500 spectators were present to witness the match, when Capt. Daly, the referee, announced that the police authorities had summoned the principals in the Walcott-O'Brien contest into court, and would make theirs a test case for determining whether in giving such exhibitions the club was acting within its charter or not. The case will probably be heard in a day or two, and should the decision be favorable to the club, the events scheduled will be pulled off some time within a week, as Choyinski will remain there about that length of time.

ELOPED IN BLOOMERS.

An elopement on bicycles was the up-to-date sight that a few citizens of Urbana, Ill., witnessed recently. Two cyclists came up to the court house shortly after noon. After the riders had dismounted, the onlookers discovered that one was a young woman attired in knickerbockers.

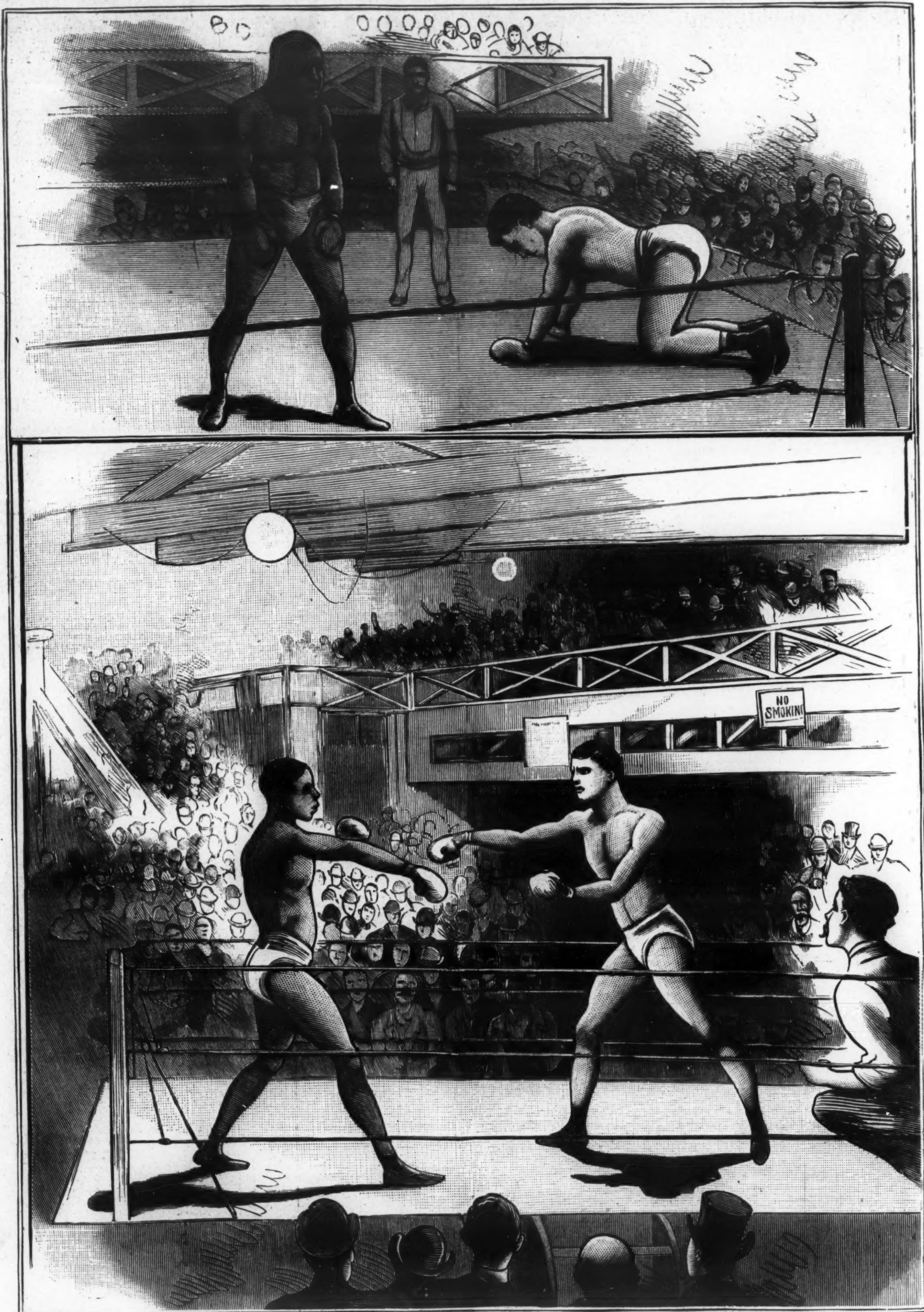
The pair made their way to the marriage license office and, after securing the desired document, mounted their wheels and went flying out of town.

The license record divulged the fact that their names were Charles S. Cruzen, of Paxton, and Miss Josie A. Neff, of Ludlow.

Miss Neff's father arrived on horseback a few minutes after their departure. He said the pair had eloped.

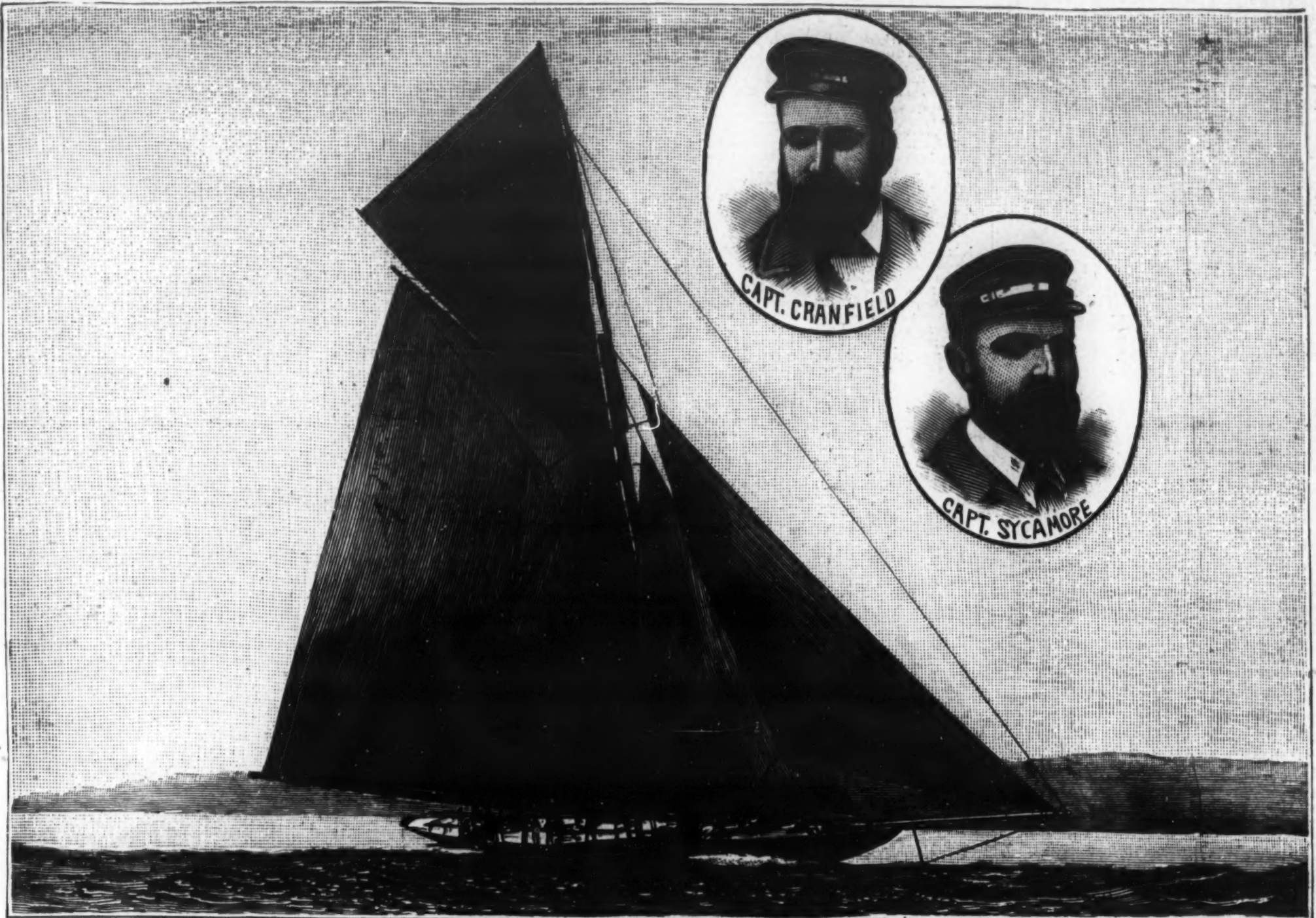
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BOSTON'S BIG FISTIC CARNIVAL.

GEORGE DIXON OUTPOINTED JOHNNY GRIFFIN IN 25 ROUNDS--JOE WALCOTT SETTLED DICK O'BRIEN WITH A KNOCK-OUT PUNCH--SKETCHES AT THE RINGSIDE.



VALKYRIE HAS HER TRIAL SPIN.

YACHTING SHARPS HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO FORM VERY DECIDED OPINIONS OF HER QUALITIES.



OBJECTED TO BLOOMERS.

SO HENRY BACH, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MAKES A SCENE WHEN HE CATCHES HIS WIFE.

VALKYRIE III. IS A FLYER.

Shows Her Ability to Get Through the Water.

SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Ben Brush, the Western Two-Year-Old, No Match for his Eastern Rivals.

ANOTHER BASEBALL DISPUTE.

Valkyrie has had her trial spin in American waters, in light racing sails and equipped for the work out for her in trying to capture the America's Cup, and to say that she is a flyer inadequately does justice to the subject. Summed up her trial showed a boat with sail-carrying abilities not to be underestimated; with great speed in reaching and in off-the-wind work, and with promises of pointing and footing in windward work, which go to make her the dangerous competitor she has always been judged to be. Although the trip was little more than a sail-stretching expedition and the yacht was away from her anchorage only a little over an hour, yet a sufficient idea of her abilities was gained to show that she is both fast and able. She also showed ability to carry sail, which promises well for future performances.

It is true that all boats sail fast when alone, yet in none of the Defender's sailing, whether in racing or alone, has she shown such apparent speed as that displayed by Valkyrie III. in her trial spin. The word "apparent" is used advisedly, for it is a question whether some of Valkyrie's speedy looks were not due to greater wave-making than Defender, rather than to actually greater speed, and yet, judging by the speed of the tugs, which were properly left behind, the wave-making leaves open the conclusion that it was caused by greater speed, and that, were the Defender driven to the same speed, she would show something of the same character.

From Valkyrie's easy lines and well-turned form, as seen in the dry dock, it seems impossible that she should show such disturbance in the water as she did, unless she was being driven at a very high speed, and the weight of evidence is certainly in that direction. For, when reaching with the wind abeam and with sheets pretty well in, she rolled a bigger wave under her lee bow than ever seen on the Vigilant, while under both weather and lee quarters surged up a wave which lapped over the lee rail about half way out on the overhang, and trailed out astern like the wake of a steamer.

The appearance of speed was something tremendous, and if further trials shall prove the truth of the impression that there was nearly as much of real as apparent speed in the yacht's performance she can be set down as a wonder at reaching. She also showed very fast of the wind with sheets eased a little more, but of windward work, with flattened sheets, there was none shown during the hour's sail, so that in this direction she is still an unknown quantity. Once or twice she was on what would be called a fairly close lay, and went fast and with much of the smoothness that characterizes the Defender in that sort of work, thus giving further support to the idea that her wave making in reaching was due to high speed rather than to the effect of a hard or bad form to drive.

All this was done under three lower sails and in a thirteen to fifteen mile an hour breeze and smooth water, conditions under which club topicals would have been aloft in racing and would have been carried splendidly by the Defender and almost as well by the Vigilant.

The indications were that Valkyrie would have carried hers almost if not quite as well as the Defender, for she has the same way of getting down to her rail and hanging there, as shown by the Bristol designed boat, and has apparently very much of the same reserve of stability.

Like all low-alded boats, the Valkyrie gets her lee rail down easily, but all through the trial there was no hint that she was unduly tender, or that she would not carry her sail as well as needed in the work for which she was designed.

There is a common, ugly-looking, duck-legged, hammer-headed horse at Sheephead Bay race track named Ben Brush, who was the other day the cause of much pain to that intelligent division of race track speculators known as the "wise uns." Ben Brush ran against some animals in the west, and as he beat them without much effort he was sent east, his owners acting as advance agents, and billed as "the horse of the decade." It was announced that his trials were phenomenal; that his races were exercise canter; that he was the wonder of the old and the admiration of the young. Before the new risen glory of Ben Brush the fame of Hindoo and Luke Blackburn instantly grew dim.

By some inconceivable blunder the faithful name of Ben Brush did not appear in the Futurity, but no sooner was the race run than the indefatigable Mr. Leigh, the colt's full owner, announced that he would match the western marvel against Requist, Handspring and Crescendo "for any amount up to \$5,000."

When Ben Brush's name was announced as a starter recently, with only a paper lot opposed to him, there was a mad rush for the betting ring. Odds of 1 to 2 were voraciously devoured. Every Western horseman at the track had his money on Ben. No other horse was thought about, although a few in a timid and shame-faced way slipped a small wager on Mr. Belmont's Floretta and Mr. Galway's Adelbert.

When the great Ben Brush galloped out on the track a thousand field glasses were leveled at him. There was a moment of profound silence, and then, as the bandy-legged little animal cantered by, a murmur of pained surprise arose. The murmur changed to a groan a few minutes later, when J. W. Rogers' Right Royal, an outsider at 12 to 1, took the track at play ball and, leading all the way, won in a romp by four lengths. Floretta was second, and two lengths away was that poor little rabbit, Ben Brush, punching and driving along, hopelessly, overwhelmingly beaten after the first furlong.

There is a growing belief among turfmen in the East that the only good horse that came out of the West was the one owned by young Mr. Lochinvar, about whom Sir Walter—not the Oneck Stable's—said: "In all the wide border his steed was the best." The gentlemen who have of late come out of the West have had steeds that were not even second best nor third best. They have been humiliated, overwhelmed, vanquished, disgraced. The Western brother must remember the days of Proctor Knott and redeem himself.

Although the various clubs in the League formed a rule long ago strictly prohibiting betting on the grounds, it is an undeniable fact that open speculation on ball games prevails in several of the big towns, and the club officials so far have neglected to enforce the rules. People who like to bet on ball games have all sorts of ways to wager their money. Bets on balls and strikes, on base hits, win or lose, and the number of runs, are popular, besides other kinds of wagers. At the Polo Grounds the other day a man walked up and down the aisles of the grand stand waving a roll of bills and offering to bet on the Brooklyn. In a few minutes \$35 of his money was covered in blocks of fives by New York followers. The officials of the New York Club did not see the man, but when President Freedman was informed of the fact later he issued orders to stop all such proceedings in the future.

Information comes from Pittsburgh that there is more and heavier betting among the grand stand patrons there than in any other League city. It is said that as much as \$10,000 changes hands there on the result of a game. It is also said that the rule is violated in Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati. The Brooklyn Club has always prevented open betting as much as possible. President Byrns is always on the alert for better and never hesitates to call them down when caught in the act. The Boston and Philadelphia Clubs are also very particular about the enforcement of the rule.

Edward Corrigan of the syndicate which controls the Harlem track, has decided to quit racing in Chicago. The refusal of Judge Gibbons to dissolve the permanent injunction obtained by the Civic Federation and the fact that Harlem lost \$8,000 in an attempt to conduct business on two New York plan decided the fate of the track. Harlem was hastened into construction upon a grand scale and at the reputed cost of \$25,000. Racing was permitted there for over forty days and the place paid for itself. Nearly two score of big stakes, aggregating over \$100,000 in value, were planned for this year, and the Futurity stakes of coming years were to be elaborate affairs. Money was freely spent by the gamblers in anticipation of a gala season. Hawthorne, too, was not slow in making improvements, and over \$60,000 was expended upon the paddock and appointments. It will be at least three years before there will be racing in Chicago.

It is now a matter of practical certainty that the marvelous Defender will be intrusted the honor of protecting the famous America's Cup. Her crushing defeat of the Vigilant on Thursday last is, for all purposes, decisive. Under every condition of most moorish weather the Defender demonstrated her superiority over any boat that has ever sailed over the cup course. She defeated the Vigilant by eighteen minutes and three seconds elapsed time, and in every point of sailing was easily victorious. In the light winds early in the race, subsequently when running before the wind with spinnaker set, and afterward in a breeze that amounted to a gale, she not only outalled the Gould boat, but beat her with consummate ease. In reaching, close hauled and before the wind the Defender was every where the superior. The Bristol boat stood up under pressure as only a good yacht worthy of the cup could. She proved her weather qualities to the most skeptical and satisfactorily settled the question as to the efficiency of her spars and rigging when put to the severest tests. Her crew showed great improvement, and on September 7, when she will meet the Valkyrie, she will be the best boat of her class that ever flew the Stars and Stripes in an international race.

Joe Patchen, the fast pacing stallion, was not long permitted to retain the laurels he gained at Buffalo and Cleveland about a month ago by beating Robert J. At Fleetwood Park, N. Y., on Aug. 29, the latter regained his honors in the presence of 12,000 sweltering spectators. Robert J. displayed much of his old-time spirit and speed, and he won easily in straight heats, pacing the fastest mile ever scored by a harness horse on the picturesque old course in Morrisania, 2:04½. John R. Gentry could not speed or stay with the blood-like little gelding in any part of the race, while Joe Patchen, the favorite, never measured strides for a full mile with the horse he had beaten at Cleveland and Buffalo, the big black stallion making a break in each heat, which gave the race to Robert J. by default so far as he was concerned. Old Maseo, braced up in his declining age by a speed-sustaining elixir, paced a good race, but he was never dangerous in the company of the champions.

The series of races that have taken place this season between Robert J. Joe Patchen and John R. Gentry illustrate in a pointed manner the old saying that racing is an uncertain game. At Fleetwood in July Gentry and Joe Patchen met in a special match race, with the black stallion from Kansas a red hot favorite over the little red horse from North Carolina. Gentry won in straight heats, pacing three-quarters of a mile at a two-minute gait, and convincing horsemen who saw the race that he was clearly the superior of Joe Patchen, and that he could probably beat the record holder, Robert J. Almost simultaneously with this race Robert J. paced an exhibition mile at Detroit in 2:02, and his owner and his driver thereupon proclaimed that the knee-sprung champion would surely beat two minutes the first time he started under favorable conditions on a fast track. One week later, at Cleveland, Robert J. and Joe Patchen came together in the pacing free-for-all. The race was conceded to Robert, and so sure were the circuit followers that the little eastern gelding would beat the big fellow that they backed him at \$100 to \$25. Joe Patchen won in decisive style, but the followers of Robert J. demanded another trial of speed, and at Buffalo, the next week the Kansas stallion repeated his Cleveland victory, routing Robert J. at every point. Then came the race at Chicago between Gentry and Joe Patchen, in which the Preceptor verdict was reversed. Joe Patchen beating the only horse that now stood between him and the championship of pacerdom. This was a week ago, and when the trio came together in the \$5,000 free-for-all at Fleetwood the other day it was natural that Joe Patchen should be hailed and backed as the probable winner of the race. Now Robert J. has turned the tables on both the stallions, and there you are.

DOMINO.

PUGILISTIC SMALL TALK.

Unless something unforeseen happens, Peter Maher will sail for America Sept. 15.

Billy Vernon, of Haverstraw, and John E. Butler, of Lynn, are matched to box in Lynn, Sept. 10.

Stanton Abbott and Mike Farragher of Pittsburg, are matched to box in Youngstown, Pa., Sept. 18.

Charley Kemmle, one of the best welterweights in the country, died of consumption in Denver, recently.

Jim Hall, the Australian, and Joe Choyinski have refused an offer of \$2,500 to fight 10 rounds. They want \$5,000 for a flinch contest.

A \$2,500 purse is the largest purse that has yet been offered in England for a match between Peter Maher and Peter Jackson.

Jem Mace and Dick Burge, the pugilists, were energetic canvassers on behalf of Col. North at Leeds, during the recent general election.

Arthur Valentine, the English lightweight, has been playing in great luck with the horses, and up to date is about \$600 winner.

Billy Woods, of Denver, is in New York, and Parson Davies has issued a challenge to him on behalf of big Bob Armstrong to fight Woods.

A number of Long Island sporting men are formulating a plan for reopening the old Puritan club rooms and holding boxing contests there.

Martin Gleason, the Brooklyn, N. Y., lightweight, announces that he would like to meet any man in his class at 130 pounds. Lincy Tracey is his backer.

Tat Ryan, one of the best heavyweights in Australia, is coming to America and will be managed by Billy Madden. The winner of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons battle will be challenged first.

Bartley Mullin, of Woburn, and Michael Welsh, of Ballardville, who fought a draw in Woburn a few months ago, met recently, and Mullin won easily in 9 rounds. Johnny McCann and Jimmy Rogers boxed a 5-round draw.

Champion Jim Corbett takes great pride in the work of his young brother, Joe, who has had a trial as a pitcher with the Washington baseball club. The champion will not let Joe sign this year, as he wants him at his training quarters.

Bob Fitzsimmons has engaged Charley White, the well-known New York trainer, to go South and train him at Corpus Christi, Tex., for his coming fight with Champion Corbett. White will be Bob's principal handler at the ringside.

A prize fight for \$50 a side and the gate receipts took place at Sandy Hook, N. J., on Aug. 25, between Mike Hauser, of Bayonne, and Jack Hamilton, of Elizabeth. Over fifty sporting men paid \$3 each to witness the mill, which was a desperate battle from start to finish. Hauser, who is a ship caulker, was so badly punished at the end of the tenth round, that his seconds refused to let him fight any longer, as it was only a question of a few minutes when he would get knocked out. He could hardly stand.

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G. T. R., Ovid N. Y.—See answer to C. P. L.

C. P. L., Kingsbridge, N. Y.—We do not advertise lottery schemes gratis.

J. J., New York.—Does a horse pull or push a load? Pulls a load, usually.

J. R., Detroit, Mich.—How many rounds did Maher and Fitzsimmons fight? Twelve.

W. S. P., Glen Summit, Pa.—Will you please give me Peter Jackson's age? Thirty-four years old.

H. C. B., Anderson, Ill.—In what round did Fitzsimmons put Half out in their fight at New Orleans? Fourth round.

F. E. S., Arlington, N. J.—What is the record of the volunteer firemen? We would like to break the record if we can. Record for what?

ROSEWELL, New York City.—Will you kindly let me know the best record for teeth left and by whom made? There is no authentic record.

T. F. C., Meriden, Conn.—What is the best record for a standing jump? With weights, 14 feet 5½ inches; without weights, 10 feet 10½ inches.

L. W., Cleveland, O.—Was Fitzsimmons knocked down in his battle with Maher? He went down but it was more of a slip than a knock down.

F. B., Helena, Mont.—A bet that James J. Corbett is not champion of the world. B and C bets that he is; which wins? Corbett is champion of America.

V. M., Otego, N. Y.—Who do you think is the best man to a flunk kid Lavigne or Young Griffe? It is a matter of opinion and can only be settled by an actual battle.

READER, Lincoln, Neb.—Did John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fight for the championship battle at Mississippi City, La., or Mississippi City, Miss? Mississippi City, Miss.

G. W., Plymouth, Pa.—Did Jack McAniff and Carney fight with light gloves, and were the fingers of the gloves cut off before they put them on? They fought with kid gloves, half fingers.

P. C. H., Capon Springs, W. Va.—Decide a bet as to the measure of Corbett and Jackson. I mean who is the taller man? The information was published in the POLICE GAZETTE last week.

N. E. W., Big Stone Gap, Va.—Will you please answer through the POLICE GAZETTE whether Buffalo Bill (William Cody) is alive, also his age? This is to decide a bet. Yes, and about fifty-five years old.

J. J. H., Dunkirk, N. Y.—Please let me know through your paper where I can get a picture or chromo of the most famous and champion yachts of the world. The POLICE GAZETTE, from time to time, gives accurate portraits of the yachts.

A. L. S., Quimby, Iowa.—To decide a bet will you kindly write and tell us who is the champion of the world at the present time at wrestling catch-as-catch-can? There is no recognized champion. Ernest Roeder comes nearest to filling the bill.

CONSTANT READER, New York City.—Will you kindly let me know where I can find a school of boxing and how much a good punching bag costs? Frank Rosworth of the Manhattan Athletic Club, will give you private instructions. 2, \$5 or \$6.

J. W. O'M., —What was the date of fight between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers? Also Tom King and John C. Heenan? Heenan and Sayers fought April 17, 1860, at Farnborough, Eng., and Heenan and Tom King Dec. 10, 1863, at Wadhurst, Eng.

F. H. B., Cullman, Ala.—George Fred that Sullivan remarked that he (Sullivan) was dragged before he entered the ring to fight Corbett. Who wins, Fred or George? Such talk is the raving of a madman. He admitted after the fight that he was squarely beaten by a better man.

C. N. F., Hiley, Ky.—Is it possible for any baseball pitcher to throw a ball in a zig zag form, or in other words can a baseball be thrown in such a way as to make several changes in the air by throwing the ball one time snake form? Experts pitchers can work a snake ball with in and out curves.

J. H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Kindly inform me how Yankee Sullivan met his death, by suicide or by the vigilance committee of California? According to best authority he committed suicide in his cell. While locked up for an alleged offense he was discovered bleeding to death from a self-inflicted wound.

J. J. S., Taylor, Mich.—Can a glove contest be held as long as there is no money up, say eight round exhibition? Can a man run a gymnasium and have contests without a charter or license? Yes. No stake money need be posted for an exhibition. 2. Different laws about the legality of boxing in different states. Inquire of the authorities.

F. R. B., De Soto, Mo.—What date, month and year is called Emancipation Day? Has anything been seen or heard of the little Richard K. Fox boat since it left the American shore? President Lincoln made his emancipation proclamation on Jan. 1, 1863.

2. The Richard K. Fox has been twice spoken since she left these shores for Europe.

L. D. J., Dallas, Tex.—How do you get the percentage of baseball games? Is it true that Corbett and Fitzsimmons had a fight in a bar-room? Has Jackson ever refused to fight Corbett after he took down his first forfeit? Divided the number of games won by the total number of games played. 2. Eye witnesses say they did.

3. No he never had a chance.

A. O. H., Barnesville, O.—A and B were playing pedro; A was 46, B 49; B bid 2 and pitched the trump; then A led the 7 of trumps; B played the deuce; then A led the 9 of trumps and B played the tray; then A led the Jack of trumps and B played the ace of trumps; then B was out of trumps and A held the pedro. Who is entitled to the game? A wins.

G. McA., Pekin, Ill.—I would like to know the exact weight of Alce Greggals when appearing in the ring? How many battles has George Siddons fought and how many has he won? Would Billy Gallagher fight at 138 pounds? Alce Greggals is in the middleweight class. 2. Siddons' record has not been compiled. 3. Gallagher would not fight at the weight.

W. C. R., Raton, N. M.—I have made a bet regarding the length of time the kinetoscope has been on exhibition. I claim that I seen it exhibited in New York city last May, a year ago. The man I am betting with claims it was not on exhibition then? It was in operation at the time you refer to on Broadway, between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, and is there now.

Logan, Wyo.—A bet that there is a place in the city of New York where they sell counterfeit money, and B bets that there is no such place. B says that there is no such place in the United States. Which wins? No counterfeit money is sold. Green goods sharps make a pretense of selling it, but they only handle genuine money, substituting new paper when the sucker is caught.

J. A. W., Hancock, Tex.—Would you furnish information as to the roads suitable for a bicycle trip from El Paso, Tex., to New York city via New Orleans, La., and Tallahassee, Fla., or put me in the way of obtaining such information? This question is unanswerable. You may get local information by writing to the chief consul

of the L. A. W. in each State through which you desire to pass.

CANON, Chicago, Ill.—In a game of partners, double pedro, with the dealer robbing the deck after the hand has been played, it is found that the ace of trumps has not been played. The ace is then found on the floor. M bets K that it was a misdeal, and if there is no rule on said point it is to be left to the judgment of the Police GAZETTE. It is not a misdeal. Send 25 cents for "Rules on Card Playing."

POWELL, Cincinnati.—To decide a bet, state what the rule is in playing poker, it being an 8-handed game. During the draw, there are several to draw cards; the first man calls for 8 cards, which are accidentally turned face up by the dealer. State what the rule is regarding his further draw, he not being allowed by the game rule to take the cards faced. Fill all other hands and then help the first man.

READER, Punta Gorda, Fla.—A game of pitch; D is dealing and is 8; B bids 1, H bids 2 which D takes puts him 10 points; H already has 10 points and pitches ace; D plays deuce; H claims he can make his 2 points in order to keep from being set up and go out; D claims he is out on account of the deuce which he has no risk to run and has made his 1 point without any risk. Who wins? H wins if he can make his bid of 2.

SALVATOR, New York City.—Will you kindly publish the names of the horses that paced Salvator in his race against the mile record. The respective halves together with the time of each half? Salvator made the mile record, 1:35½, against time. Ravelsco, 1:39¼. Fractional time—one-quarter mile, 23½ seconds; one-half mile, 47½ seconds; three-quarter miles, 1:11¼. Race run on straight mile at Monmouth Park, Aug. 28, 1890.

R. E. Y., Gillett, Pa.—Give me the address of the Boxing Academy of Chicago, Ill., or that of its principal. If you cannot do this, do you know of any such institution in your city? How long would a term last, and can you give me an idea about how much the tuition would be? Write to L. M. Hausman, sporting editor Interocean, Chicago. 2. Depends upon your aptitude for learning the art. 3. Prices vary, usually \$1 a lesson.

CONSTANT READER, Fort Worth, Tex.—A bet he can carry a weight from one point to another without setting it down; B bets he can't; A carries the weight to point agreed on after which he sets it down. B claimed that by setting down the weight A loses the bet. Will you kindly decide the question? B seems to be one of those smart Alecks who thinks everybody is a sucker but himself. A accomplished the feat according to the conditions of the wager and wins the money.

J. W. L., Lock Haven, Pa.—Tell me as near as you can when the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight will be in Dallas, Tex.? If any special trains will run, and from where and what the round trip will cost, or if excursion tickets will be sold, and nearest place from Central Pennsylvania? Also what will be the admission to see the contest? 1. October 31. 2. From New York and Chicago. The rate has not as yet been fixed. 3. \$10.

R. E., Canyon Ferry, Mont.—R, H and F are playing stud poker for money. F gets all his money in on the four cards and R and H help on the five, then draw the other card each. K has 20's from the start. H makes two aces the last turn and K has a flush in sight and bluffs H out with his two aces in sight. Then H claims he wins the money, main pot and all without showing his hand and E claims he has to show his hand and beat the two 10's to win. Who is right and does R have to show his hand? E wins the main pot and R must show his five cards.

W. J. F., Fort Churchill, Nev.—Give me the latest measurements of Corbett and Fitzsimmons. The latest measurements are as follows:

Corbett.	Fitzsimmons.
6 ft 1 in.....Height.....	5 ft 11 in
163 lbs.....Weight.....	170 lbs
17 in.....Neck.....	15 in
38 in.....Chest.....	41 in
42 in.....Chest expanded.....	44 in
33 in.....Waist.....	32 in
21 in.....Thigh.....	20 in
14½ in.....Calf.....	13½ in
6 ft 1 in.....Arms outstretched.....	6 ft 3½ in
14½ in.....Biceps.....	12 in
11½ in.....Forearm.....	11½ in
6½ in.....Wrist.....	6½ in

S. F. C., De Lamar, Idaho.—Two men of our town made a match to prove who could drill the deepest hole in a granite rock, each man to drill fifteen minutes, the match to come off Aug. 13, 1895. The day came and through a mistake a dispute arose. The principals drew down all their money, tore up their agreement and declared the match off. About two hours afterwards another match was made to drill for \$50 a side by the same persons of the said first match. During this time and until afterwards the money that was bet on the first match was and is still in the stakeholder's hands. Can that money that was bet on the first match be subjected to the result of the second match because the said second match came off on the same afternoon agreed on for the first match, and the afore-said first match annulled by mutual consent of the principals? The money should have been taken down when the first match was called off and rebet on the outcome of the second match.

FISTIC NOTES.

Billy Mahoney, the Boston sporting man, is ready to wager \$1,000 that Dick O'Brien, the Lewiston welterweight, cannot defeat the Pickenaninny in 35 rounds. The Pick has been an admirer in Boston who believe that he can whip even Kid Lavigne.

Fred Johnson, of Glasgow, has deposited £25 with the London Sporting Life to bid a match with George Dixon in the event of the latter visiting England this fall. Johnson claims that he did not have a fair chance the last time he met George Dixon in America.

Jack McKeck, who got a decision over Joe Elms, the Boston bantam whom Tom O'Rourke discovered, is going to enter the ring again. McKeck has improved wonderfully of late, and judging from his latest achievement he ought to make many of the bantams hostile.

Those who are in a position to know state that Mike Small, the young English bantam, who is now in this country to meet Johnny Connors of Springfield, Ill., at 105 pounds, is an exceptionally clever boxer. In England Small has been placed against a good many worthy lads, and in nearly all of his contests has displayed rare fighting powers.

J. H. Herman, Tommy Dixon's manager and backer, is a bit uneasy because, so far, no club has shown a desire to bid for the George Dixon-Tommy Dixon fight. Herman is from St. Paul and is very well known there. He thinks Tommy will whip George Dixon to a certainty. He apparently means business, for he has agreed to let the winner take all the purse.

Despite the buffeting about which Jack McAniff has experienced of late, the lightweight champion seems to be as chipper as ever. McAniff is back in town again after an absence of many months. Jack does not seem to have been benefited physically by his trip. He is very fat, and only a championship belt of extra size would now have a chance of fitting where his waist was once.

Charley McKeever, the crack Philadelphia lightweight, wishes to go on record as the first boxer to challenge the latest importation in the championship line from England, Arthur Valentine. Prof. John Clark, of Philadelphia, who is behind McKeever, says he can get \$1,000 to put on McKeever if Valentine accepts. Clark added that Champion Jim Corbett will find the money.

"Parson" Davies has received a letter from Al Buckingham, of London, in which the English bantam expresses a desire to come to this country to meet Jimmy Barry at 105 pounds, provided his expenses were paid. Davies answered to the effect that none of the clubs here are offering purses for little fellows, but that he would talk business with him upon his arrival in England next December.

Jack Everhardt, the New Orleans lightweight, over whom Kid Lavigne gained a decision at Coney Island, will start for Dallas, Tex., in about ten days. Jack has purchased a hotel and cafe directly opposite the main entrance to the arena now in course of erection for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest, where he expects to do a "land-office" business in catering to the red-hot sports who will journey to Dallas to witness the big mill.

Too Often the Case.

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KID LAVIGNE'S JUST CLAIM.

Maspeth, L. I., Looms Up as a Rendezvous for the Fistic Stars.

BOSTON AND NEW ORLEANS IN LINE.

Coincident with the demise of Coney Island as a rendezvous for the patrons of the fistic art, Maspeth, a little town on the outskirts of Long Island City, looms up as a candidate for the distinctive honor. Judging from the success which attended the inauguration of the new Empire Athletic Club, there is every reason to believe that the same element of success will characterize its future career. There were no ignorant pretentious police officials to interfere with the proceedings, and everything passed off in an orderly quiet manner. The spectators, realizing that a bolsterous manifestation of interest was not calculated to inspire the sheriff of the county with a desire to let the game go on, put a check line on their enthusiasm, and the result was eminently satisfactory. There was scarcely any more noise than might have attended the production of a pleading stage spectacle at one of the theatres, and the solitary spectator of the public peace and morals of the little town, was the most satisfied man in the house.

The new club arena is a cozy structure, capable of accommodating about 5,000 people. It is convenient and accessible from all parts of Brooklyn and can be reached from New York city in twenty minutes, trains on the Long Island Railroad stopping at the main entrance. Jim Kennedy, who was so unfortunate in his connection with the Seaside Athletic Club, is the manager and matchmaker of the new organization, a fact which alone ensures its success.

Kid Lavigne's claim to the title of lightweight champion of America seems to me perfectly right and justifiable. Jack McAuliffe has steadfastly refused to even consider Lavigne's proposition to fight him, notwithstanding that all manner of inducements have been held out to him. The fake match with Griffo for which all kinds of paper money was but, has fallen through, thanks to Griffo's little indiscretions. There is no reason now for "America's recognized lightweight champion," as he likes to be called, declining to notice the ambitious boxer from Saginaw, Mich., who is only too willing, nay, eager, to test his skill against such an admittedly great fighter as McAuliffe.

Lavigne has done everything that could consistently be asked of him. He has beaten every man who has had the temerity to face him; has published his challenge to the world, and appears just now to be the only available fighter who is legitimately entitled to meet Arthur Valentine, the recently imported champion of Great Britain. In anticipation of his being matched against the latter, it seems only right and proper that the title should rightfully be bestowed upon him. McAuliffe, in refusing to fight Lavigne, is doing him an injustice in withholding from him the title of champion.

From time to time notices appear in the papers citing McAuliffe's intention to re-enter the ring and defend his title, but there is no sincerity in his intention. As a matter of fact, McAuliffe cannot reduce to the lightweight limit and be strong enough to fight such a battle as any of the youngsters of to-day would compel him to put up. Again, his arm, which was broken in his fight with Zeliger, will not be in condition for fighting for at least a year. McAuliffe knows that, too, and I know where he refused an offer of a \$2,000 purse only a week ago to box 10 rounds. The man who was selected to meet him told McAuliffe that he would do nothing but box "on the level," although he was willing to cut the money up any way that suited McAuliffe. The latter then declined the issue.

In view of McAuliffe's inability to defend his title, it would be mainly of him to sacrifice his selfish prejudices and let his mantle fall upon Lavigne's shoulders, so that in the event of a fight with Valentine being arranged he may be able to enter the ring with the recognized right to defend the title of American champion, as well as to battle for international honors.

Jimmy Handler's claims to championship distinction received a set back through his fight with Lavigne; but one defeat is not calculated to discourage a pugilist of such quality as Handler has demonstrated himself to be. Considering that he is not yet out of his teens and lacking the judgment in ring tactics which only actual experience can enable a man to acquire, his career has been a phenomenal one, and instead of being discouraged he ought to look upon his defeat at Lavigne's hands as the experience of a novice, and the knowledge thus acquired only calculated to be of service in future engagements.

I must confess to being very much disappointed in the showing made by Handler. That "clever left hand" about which so much has been written failed utterly to be of service. He tried to use it but the effort was futile, Lavigne proving his ability to stop, parry or counter it whenever Handler used it. As a matter of fact the Newark lad was overmatched, and he was afflicted with a bad case of stage fright which caused him to fight very badly.

Lavigne, on the other hand, seems to have improved a lot since he fought Everhart. He developed a surprising amount of ability to use his left and did not depend wholly upon his right as was always his custom. He had prepared for the fight at Oceanic, N.J., under Sam Fitzpatrick's mentorship, and was conditioned to fight for a king's ransom.

The betting on the fight was the heaviest that has been seen in this vicinity. The odds were slightly in Lavigne's favor, but Handler's adherents were plentiful and had the "long green" in evidence to back up their fancy. One professional betting man who took a big slice of the Lavigne end said he never had a softer thing in his life from a betting standpoint, and I believe him.

Frank Erne, the promising young boxer of Buffalo, N. Y., probably thinks a little better of the judgment of the people who advised him to acquire a little more experience before going against George Dixon. Erne, it is true; knocked Jack Skelly out at Maspeth, but it was a victory that reflected not very great credit upon the victor. Skelly showed all through the fight a better knowledge of the game than his opponent. He fought more cleverly and punished more severely; in fact Erne was a very much beaten man. He failed to exhibit any of the scientific quality which distinguished him in his previous battles which I have witnessed. He proved to be game, however, for a man with less heart would not have persevered long enough to get the chance which enabled him to drop the Williamsburg lad.

I am still of the opinion that Erne has in him the making of a championship fighter, and the experience of a year will qualify him to put in his claim to the title; but just now he is no match for Dixon, a fact that, based on the showing he made the other night, his own friends must admit. He has a lot to learn, a lot that only experience can enable him to acquire. It is to be hoped that he is now reconciled to the belief that one's own judgment is not always best.

"Parson" Davies and Tom O'Rourke intend making a tour of the larger Southern cities with an athletic combination, giving exhibitions of boxing, wrestling, ball punching, heavy weight lifting and other athletic exercises. The organization

will be known as the National Athletic Club of America, and will have as stars, George Dixon, Jimmy Barry, Joe Choyinski and Joe Walcott, who will meet all comers in their respective classes. Others already engaged to accompany the party are Bob Armstrong, Joe Elms, Prof. Jack Lynch and Tommy West. "In all about eighteen people will be with the attraction, which will open their tour at Philadelphia Sept. 17. After playing two weeks in the North, the Southern tour will commence at Norfolk, Va., and end at Dallas, two days prior to the big fistic carnival to be held there Oct. 31. Returning to New York in November, Davies and O'Rourke will embark for England and South Africa, taking with them their pugilistic stars. As an athletic organization has not made a tour of this country in several years a liberal financial reward should be the result to these two enterprising pugilistic managers who always have done much to make athletic events in this country a success.

A revival of interest in fistic affairs is promoted for New Orleans. The Crescent City sports have made several ineffectual efforts to get things going again but they found the authorities so strongly arrayed against them that they were forced to abandon their projects. The law enacted for the purpose of preventing fistic engagements was tested and retested; cases were appealed and every trick and scheme that could be devised by shrewd interpreters of the law failed to establish the legitimacy of the game, and the Olympic Club finally gave up its attempt to resume operations.

After two years of inactivity the club has determined to make another trial depending upon the fair sex for aid in convincing the authorities that glove contests are not brutal, unlawful or immoral. On Sept. 4 the Olympic Club will give a fistic entertainment. It is announced that it will be of such a highly moral character as to offend no one, and ladies are to be admitted to the show. The management announces that it has adopted every precaution so that the most moral may attend without fear of being shocked. Combatants will be so uniformed as to satisfy the most modest. Sparring will be in full dress, as in our first-class theatres. In other words, it is to be a moral and full-dress pugilism.

This is intended to be an entering wedge, but while I hope the authorities will stand for the argument I am a little inclined to believe that the people who succeeded in having the anti-pugilism law in New Orleans enacted and fought tooth and nail to sustain it, will not be bled to the deception which is contemplated. It would be more consistent and infinitely wiser for the club to have the obnoxious law repealed, by whatever means seems most judicious and effectual.

Boston falls in line with a revival of interest in fistic sport. The boxing carnival held last week was successful in a measure. Dixon and Griffin proved to be a card of sufficient attractiveness to crowd the Farragut Club's arena to its utmost capacity. The fight was a good one and the spectators were well repaid for their time and expenditures. The bout on the following night between Joe Walcott and Dick O'Brien was also a satisfactory affair, albeit "was too short to satisfy the general appetite for gore." The one weak spot in the programme was the match between Joe Choyinski and George Godfrey, and that it was not a success from the box office point of view is due to the fact that the quidnuncs of the Hub are too wise to be "conned" into going to see any such one-sided fight as that one promised to be. I am surprised that a match of that character was made, especially when the fact is considered that the head men of the club are Bostonians themselves, knowing therefore, the wishes and inclinations of their townfolk. It was no very great compliment to the intelligence of the sporting people of the Hub to provide such an event for their consideration. My experience with the people of Boston who follow up the doings of the fighters, has induced me to believe that they are rather "fly" to all that is going on. They proved this by declining to witness a fight between an old stiff who ought to be better employed at his time of life, and a young, agile, athletic opponent who had already knocked him out in one round.

SAM AUSTIN.

SWEENEY'S FEAT.

He Jumps 6 Feet 5 1-8 Inches at the New Jersey Games.

BRIDGE PLAIN, N. J., Sept. 2.—A big crowd swarmed over the grounds of the New Jersey Athletic Club. It came to witness the annual Labor Day sports of the most successful suburban athletic organization in the east. A number of unusually attractive foot races were on the card, and inasmuch as this was to be the first public appearance of the New York Athletic Club's international team a large number of New Yorkers made the journey to the Point for the purpose of getting a line on the form of the Mercury-footers. Many small bets were made that Tom Conneff, the little Irish runner, would smash the world's record of 6:53 1/5 in the mile and a half run. It was said, however, that Trainer Murphy would not permit him to do his fastest, although the day was perfect for record beating. Sweeney, the high jumper, announced that he would try to add a fraction to his remarkable record of 6 feet 5 inches for the high jump.

Considerable curiosity was manifested in the 100 yards run, which had John V. Crum, of Iowa; W. W. Goodwin, Tom Lee, of New York, and B. J. Wefer, of Lowell, as starters.

The games opened with a Gaelic football match between the Barrys and Kickhams. All the rooters for William J. Barry from Jersey City to Newark were on deck, and they numbered at least 300. It was a wild game, full of excitement, in the way of kicked shins and bruised faces.

There was no blood spilled, strange to say, and when it was finally announced that the Barrys won on a score of 5 to 4, after the two halves ending in a tie, the great William J. did a high kicking act in allowing some of his happiness to escape. It was the most evenly contested game ever seen on the New Jersey grounds.

An association game of football between the Caledonians and the Centrevilles ended in a victory for the Centrevilles with a score of one goal to nothing.

In the presence of nearly 8,000 people John Rickaby and Thomas Dove easily defeated the Corbett brothers in a game of handball at Scranton, on Aug. 30. The local players won in straight sets, 21-12, 21-16 and 21-19. After the game Gentlemen Jim challenged Rickaby for a single game on Corbett's court at Asbury Park. The challenge was accepted.

John E. Butler, the colored boxer of Lynn, scored a victory over John A. Sullivan in eight rounds at the Cribb Club, Boston, last Monday night. Though Sullivan had the reputation of having remarkable staying qualities his friends looked to see him defeated in quick order as he was not in the best of condition. Butler was in his usual good form. After trying several times to get the right over on the jaw, Butler shifted to the kidneys, and he landed several telling blows on that spot. He was continually placing the left on Sullivan's wind and jaw, but the blows did not seem to affect Sullivan in the least. Near the close of the eighth round he swung his left on Sullivan's jaw and was awarded the bout. In the preliminary bouts Joe White and George Tomson boxed a four-round draw.

JACK SKELLY'S ULTIMATUM.

The following letter has been published by Jack Skelly: "As I am not satisfied with the result of my bout with Frank Erne at the Empire Athletic Club show last Monday night I would like to state that I wish, and I think I have the right to demand, another opportunity to meet Erne and settle once and for all the question as to the best boxer. The majority of impartial observers, including some of Erne's strongest admirers, say that in our late contention, that I had much the best of it and that the best man did not win, as it proved to be the lucky one. It was a case of one blow to settle either mad and Erne held the lucky one; but for this I do not make any excuse, as Erne was fairly and honestly, but I do hope he will give me another chance. Respectfully, JACK SKELLY."

The Giants of the Ring!

Corbett and Fitzsimmons in Fighting Costume. Magnificent twelve-colored Chromo Lithographs, 16x23 inches. Suitable for framing, mailed to your address in a tube, on receipt of 10 cents each. Every Saloon, Cafe and Tensorial Parlor should have one. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square New York.

SOME BLOOD MAY BE SHED

Sheriff Cabell has been Advised to Shoot and Kill.

LATEST ABOUT THE FIGHT.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons Getting Ready To Go to Texas.

NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE RESULT.

They are talking in Texas now about enforcing the law against glove contests to the extent of shooting and killing, and Attorney-General Crane has worked himself up to a pitch of excitement which has resulted in his advising Sheriff Cabell, of Dallas county, to stop the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight on Oct. 31, even going so far as to use weapons to shoot down and kill anybody who interferes with him in the performance of his duty. This is a pretty howdodd, and the proceedings adopted by Gov. Culberson, Crane, Cabell, et al, will be watched with interest.

It transpired only last week that the three gentlemen above named have been indulging in a voluminous amount of correspondence regarding their respective duties in the event of the issue reaching a climax. The correspondence was opened by Gov. Culberson interrogating the sheriff as to whether he intended to abide by the decision of Attorney-General Crane, holding the prize fighting law valid, and as to whether it was his intention to exercise all the powers vested in him to prevent the fight. Sheriff Cabell's reply is that while he did not ask for the opinion, he is willing, and will abide by it; that should a writ be placed in his hands by the county attorney he will certainly serve it, or in case no writ is issued and he is left to face the mill alone, he will unhesitatingly discharge his duties. He cites, however, that the criminal statute defining prize fighting makes it a misdemeanor, and not a felony, and asks the Governor whether under such circumstances he would be justified in using such force as may be necessary, even if it required the shooting down of citizens, and would the Governor advise such proceedings.

In reply to Cabell's letter the Governor says: "While it is true that the prize fight at Dallas is not advertised to take place until October, the propriety of the public officers of the State taking action is obvious. It is proper that they should give notice at once of the firm purpose to enforce the law, that none may be deceived. The constitution, which is the supreme law of the State, makes it the duty of the Governor to cause the laws to be faithfully executed. At the proper time what force may be necessary and deemed expedient to guard against failure will be used to prevent this proposed infraction of the laws of the State."

Cabell's interrogatory as to whether the Governor would sanction shooting down of citizens was rather a hard shot for Texas "young Governor," and he very promptly replied that he would not attempt to answer that question, but would refer to the Attorney-General for his legal opinion.

Just here Attorney-General Crane jerks himself into the breach with an opinion, one of the sort which generally emanates from the brain of lawyers who suddenly find themselves celebrated and therefore somewhat consequential. Mr. Crane holds that in the lawful discharge of his duty the sheriff certainly has the right to use firearms if emergency demands it. The Attorney-General bases his position on the statutes governing riots, etc.

He holds as a premise that the participants in the fight, their seconds, referee, etc., will comprise more than three people, and inasmuch as they are assembled for the purpose of violating one of the statutes they are an unlawful or riotous assemblage. As to the question of killing those who interfere with him the Attorney-General cites Art. 66 of the penal code, which says:

Homocide is justifiable when necessary to suppress a riot when the same is attempted to be suppressed in the manner pointed out in the code of crime procedure and can in no way be suppressed except by taking life.

The Attorney-General also adds at the close of his opinion that, while he does not think there will be occasion for the sheriff to shoot any one in a peaceable city like Dallas, if the emergency does arise for shooting and killing those who interfere with his duties he will in nowise be held responsible for murder.

That is an interesting condition of things to contemplate. It is apparent now that the authorities are going too far in their eagerness to convince people that they want the fight stopped. When the argument reaches a stage where the legal adviser of the State authorities shows a justification for bloodshed and murder, it is time for the people who are projecting the fight to pause and let people on the outside know if this three-handed official agitation is "on the level," or simply a scheme to keep the affair before the public. If this agitation is backed up by an intention to prevent the fight, then it is pretty near time for Dan Stuart and his confederates to get together and devise some plan to hold the fight that will be ultimately carried out. If it is, on the other hand, a scheme to keep the public alive to the fact that Corbett and Fitzsimmons are matched and will fight on Oct. 31, then let the work go on, for too much notoriety cannot be got.

The confidence and sanguiinity of the Texans whom I have talked with on the subject impresses me with the belief that there exists a perfect understanding between the State and city officials and the men who are projecting the enterprise. The latter are going ahead with their arrangements just as if no word of a proposed interference had been breathed. The arena wherein it has been arranged for the fight to take place is now being constructed, lumber and building materials have been ordered, and everything is progressing smoothly. From the headquarters of the club comes the refreshing intelligence that everything is all right.

Is it? I am inclined now to have some doubts!

Corbett and Fitzsimmons may be mentally distressed because of all this talk about not being permitted to fight, but they are certainly giving no outward evidence of it, if they are. On the other hand they are both following the example of the busy little bee, and gathering in the golden honey while the sun of public interest is shining. Corbett has again left his training quarters at Asbury Park and is touring the neighboring States raking off his little forty per cent. of the gate every day. The champion has put his talents as a ball player and a bicycle rider to some account. He plays ball with the local team in the cities where he exhibits, he rides a wheel against the crack cyclist of the place, punches the ball, boxes a round or two with Con McVey and does enough work to keep him in condition; the very work in fact that he would be doing were he at his "quarters" at Asbury. He finds this a profitable occupation.

Of course in every place where Corbett shows, the local paper has to get a crack at interviewing him, and some of the stuff published as emanating from him makes very funny reading. Sometimes, however, he gets hold of a bright reporter whom he can't string, and then an interview of the following sort is the result:

"I shall, of course, adopt the kind of fighting which will in my judgment give me the victory. But I am not going round posting up big handbills telling how I intend to do my work. I do not underestimate my man in this instance, but at the same time he is not a heavyweight, and therefore is not in my class. He is 20 pounds lighter, and properly belongs in the middleweight class. There would be no glory for me in whipping him. I tried, by every honorable means, to get out of meeting him, but once having agreed to fight, I shall, of course, go in to win. The advantage is all on my side. There never was a more unequal match in the history of the prize ring. I am nearly four years younger than Fitzsimmons, nearly 3 inches taller and 20 pounds heavier. I am certainly as quick, if not quicker, than he is, and very likely his equal in intelligence. Besides, I am positive that I am his superior in strength. With all these advantages on my side, it seems to me that my chances are

very good. At any rate, I am not sitting up nights worrying about the result."

Fitzsimmons doesn't seem to be worrying himself much about the matter either, but goes about in the "even tenor of his way" conscious of the fact that talk don't win fights, and confident that when he gets into the ring he will render a good account of himself. The Fitzsimmons cottage at Coney Island has been practically untenanted for the past week, owing to the temporary absence of the lord and master of the establishment. The latter, like his rival, has been on the road prospecting for the "long green." He has been "showing" through Maryland and Virginia taking in Washington en route. His exhibition parades of the same character as the one given by Corbett and it is a fact that Fitzsimmons has been playing to a lot of money, as they say in theatrical parlance. He will continue to vary the monotony of training by giving exhibitions until he leaves for Texas, which will be about October 1. He will go to Corpus Christi, while Corbett has chosen San Antonio as his place of abode while putting in his final kicks.

Fitzsimmons has just engaged Charley White, of New York, one of the best training attendants in the world, to direct his course of preparation. White will assume his official duties in a week or two, and remain with his man until after the fight.

It has been decided to test the law relating to glove contests in the Lone Star State under the conditions that have existed since Sept. 1, when the late law became inoperative. To facilitate a successful test two men named Collins and Cavanagh have arranged to fight in Dallas on Sept. 7. They will probably be arrested, and the case carried rapidly to the highest tribunal of the State for the purpose of getting a decision regarding the validity of the law. The outcome of these proceedings will, for obvious reasons, be watched with interest. If the fact is demonstrated then that the fight cannot be held in Texas, it is reasonable to suppose that the scene of operations will be changed, and this will bring Nexas into line as the probable scene of the encounter.

I am of the opinion, however, that the business men of Texas who realize what it will mean in the loss of revenue to abandon the fight at this juncture will take means to convince Gov. Culberson and Attorney-General Crane that a great injustice to Texas, its commercial interests, etc., etc., is being made by antagonizing the project.

The last to give an opinion as to the big fight is County Attorney John Gillespie. His view is not in accord with Attorney-General M. M. Crane's opinion, and contains solid comfort for those who are opposed to the prize fights arranged for by Stuart and his associates.

Gillespie holds that the club cannot be enjoined from going on with arrangements, as the law with regard to felony or misdemeanor cases has been repealed. He holds further that the laws, now on the books, one making pugilism a misdemeanor and the other licensing the same, make affairs complicated. The misdemeanor law, he says, is conflicting, vague and indefinite, and no man can tell just what the law is until the courts pass upon the same.

Attorney Gillespie closes by saying that if at any time in the future a reputable citizen will make affidavit that the law has been violated then he will prosecute, but that he cannot anticipate violations of law.

The opinion of the County Attorney may not give satisfaction in official circles at the State capital, but the citizens of Dallas who favor the glove carnival are delighted beyond measure.

LATE SPORTING NEWS

Arrangements are now being effected by Jim Kennedy for a match between Arthur Valentine and Kid Lavigne.

Joe Ellingsworth and Paddy Gorman, it is said, will give a ten-round contest before the new Active Athletic Club, of Constance Hook, N. J. It will be a curtain raiser.

Arthur Valentine, the English lightweight, and Jack McAuliffe, the American champion, were introduced to each other recently. They had a pleasant time together.

Mike Small, who is matched to fight Johnny Connors, of Springfield, for the 100-pound championship of the world, arrived on the steamship St. Louis and is now on his way to Springfield.

Capt. James Crotty, of Austin, Tex., is on his way to New York for the purpose of arranging for an international regatta to be held at Austin, Tex., during the time of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons excitement.

Jack Everhardt called at the "Police Gazette" office on Aug. 31 and declared his willingness to fight Arthur Valentine the champion of England, and offered to make a side wager of \$2,500 on the result.

John Monahan, one of the best known sports in New Orleans, is now in New York on a pleasure trip. He called at the Police Gazette office in company with Andy Kelly, one of Gotham's best known sporting men.

Jimmy Kennard has shaken the dust of Buffalo from his feet for some time to come has gone to that Mecca of pugilists, Boston. Kennard wants to meet the winner of the Hearns-Kavray fight and would make a good go with Dave Ross.

John J. Quinn, of Pittsburg, has deposited £100 on behalf of Peter Maher in acceptance of Slavin's challenge to fight him for £1,000 a side before the Hollingbroke Club, in London, six weeks after the fight between Maher and O'Donnell. Quinn offers Slavin a similar purse and his expenses to box with Maher in America.

Wernberg established a new world's record at 6 1/2 furlongs at Sheepshead Bay on Aug. 30, running the distance in 1:19 2/5. This knocks off one-fifth of a second from Geraldine's famous record, made at the same distance in California in 1891, and is a second better than the track record, which was held by Anisette.

The new "Police Gazette" diamond belt, for which Corbett and Fitzsimmons will fight at Dallas, Tex., on Oct. 31 next, was turned over to Richard K. Fox last week. It cost \$5,000, and is an exact replica of the belt which was stolen from Corbett in Davenport, Ia., last fall. The belt will be placed on exhibition in a few days.

Billy Duke, of Baltimore, and Frank Wong, the Indian, fought an eleven round contest with gloves at the Ariel Club, of Norfolk, last Friday night. The contest was tame and uninteresting. Duke had much the best of the fight, but the referee decided it a draw. Owen Ziegler seconded Wong, and Jake Kilrain did the honors for Duke.

Ernest Roeder, the recognized champion Græco-Roman wrestler of America, who has just returned from Germany where he won one hundred matches and the championship diploma, has authorized the Police Gazette to cable to England a challenge to wrestle Paul Pops, the French champion, for the title of champion of the world, match to take place in either England or America. Pops, who is a man of extraordinary size and physique, has thrown everybody in England, including Tom Cannon, the English champion.

The new racing laws in New York State under which the racing of the present season has been carried on were declared recently to be unconstitutional as far as they purport to authorize sweepstakes. The decision was given by Judge Bischoff in the action brought by John C. Dudley against the Flushing Jockey Club. Bischoff holds that the Gray bill, in so far as it authorizes and all laws a recovery for sweepstakes won upon a horse race, contravenes the constitutional prohibition against the authorization of any kind of gambling.

The annual championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, to be held at Manhattan Field, Saturday, Sept. 14, promises to eclipse any previous meeting held by the Union. Although the entries do not close until Sept. 7, a thoroughly representative entry list has already been received by Secretary Sullivan, and nearly all the associations of the Union will send on their representative champions. New England will send a large contingent, as will also the Atlantic Association. Two or three athletes will come from the Central Association, one of whom will be Crum, the phenomenal sprinter, who is considered to have the world's record at 220 yards at his mercy. All the prominent athletes of the Metropolitan Association will also be entered.

Famous Fighters of the Day!

Extremely handsome Prize Ring Pictures—Corbett and Fitzsimmons; Corbett and Mitchell; Corbett and Jackson; etc., 16x23 inches each. Suitable for framing. All three mailed to your address for 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



DALE SISTERS.

TWO UP-TO-DATE YOUNG WOMEN OF THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE WHO HAVE MADE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES.



LOUIS J. BECK.

A NEW YORK DETECTIVE-REPORTER WHO IS NOW SUPERINTENDENT OF BECK'S SECRET SERVICE BUREAU.



THESE WOMEN WORKED.

THEY LIVE IN GUTHRIE, OKLA., AND CAN GIVE A GOOD MANY MEN OF THE CITY POINTS ON HUSTLING.



BEN HARRIS.

HE IS WITH THE REILLY AND WOODS SHOW THIS SEASON AND HIS PLACE IS IN THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

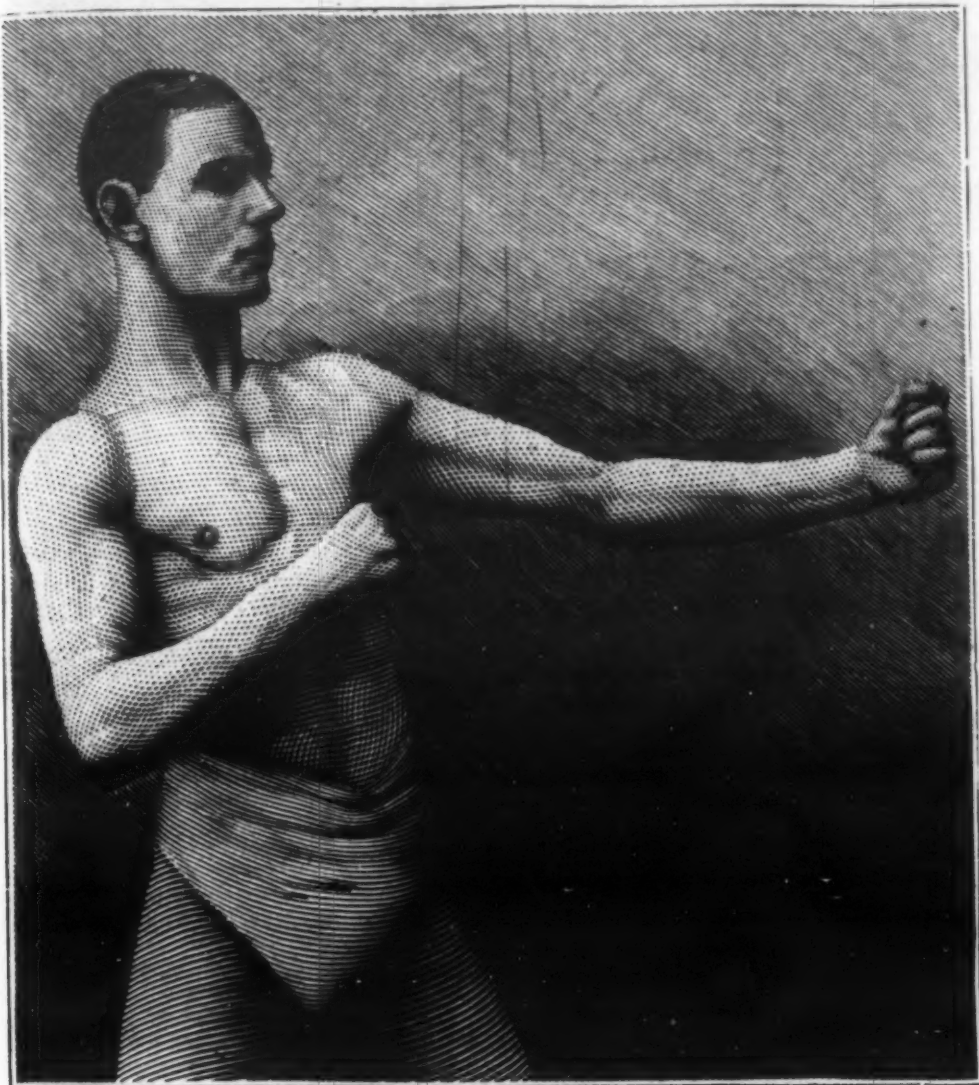


ED. SPONDLEY.



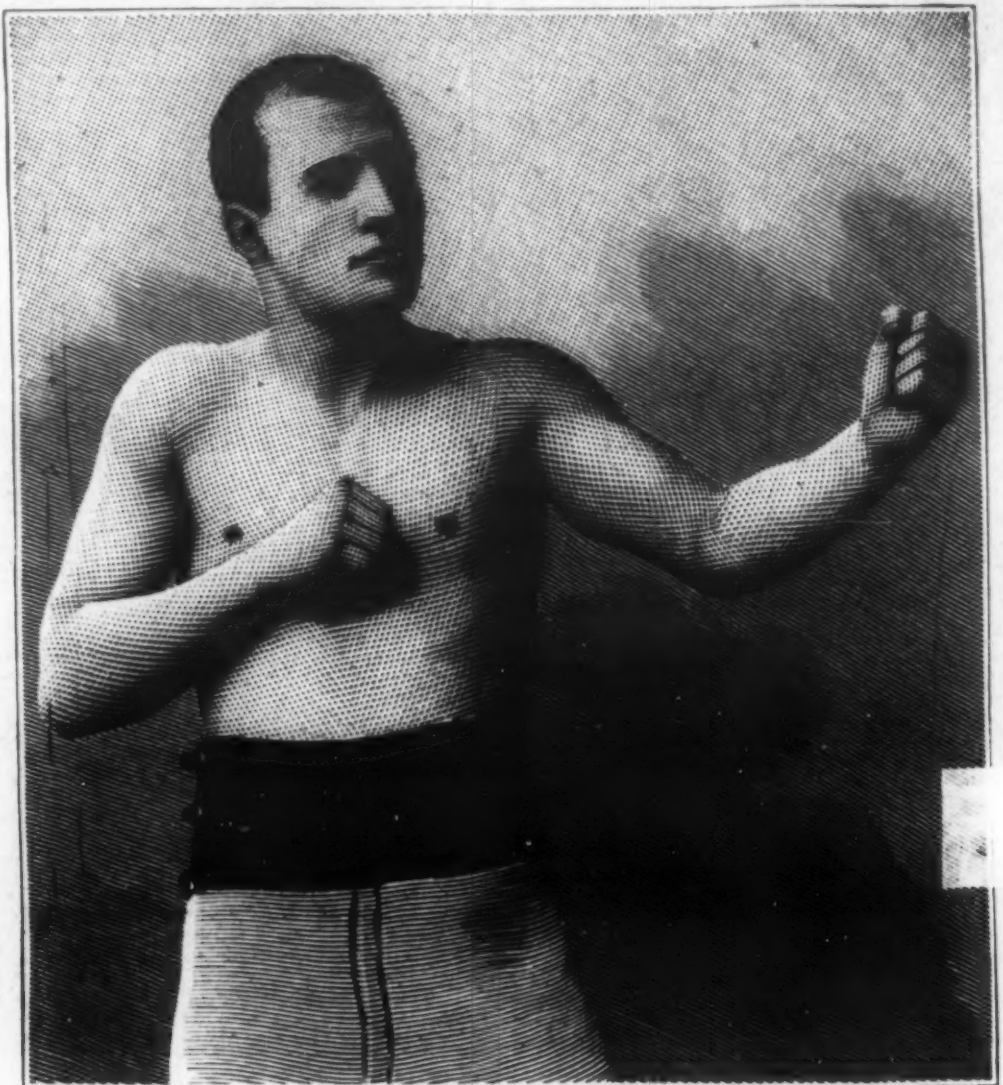
C. E. SMITH.

PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF A WELL PATRONIZED SUMMER RESORT ON THE NORTH SIDE, CHICAGO, ILL.



JACK DAVIS.

A WESTERN LIGHTWEIGHT WITH A RECORD THAT MERITS CONSIDERATION FROM CHAMPIONSHIP ASPIRANTS.



HERB MCKELL.

HE IS THE WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION FIGHTER OF AUSTRALIA AND ISSUES A CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.



1. SUTHERLAND, 1st BASE.
2. WELLNER, PITCHER.
3. MCGANN, 2nd BASE.

4. REIMAN, PITCHER.
5. VAN WINKLE, 3rd BASE.
6. HILLBARY, PITCHER.

7. HEILEMAN, SHORT STOP.
8. COX, LEFT FIELD.
9. TENLEY, CATCHER.

10. WODSWORTH, CENTER FIELD.
11. HALL, RIGHT FIELD.
12. WATSON, MANAGER.

13. DUNN, Mascot.

AMATEURS WHO CAN PLAY BALL.

THE CRACK MAYSVILLE, KY., TEAM THAT BEAT THE CINCINNATI REDS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

OUR FAMOUS TONSORIALISTS.

V. Montague, Who is Very Well Known
in Winnsboro, S. C.



In a very interesting letter, which he recently sent to the POLICE GAZETTE, Mr. V. Montague unconsciously voices the sentiment of thousands of persons, not only in America, but in Europe, as well as Asia and Africa, when he says:

"It is the only genuine sporting paper in the world. Long may it live and prosper to gladden the hearts of all true lovers of honest, fair sport."

Mr. Montague was born at the close of the war, in Charleston, S. C. In 1890 he opened his present place of business in Winnsboro, and he enjoys the earned reputation of being one of the most successful tonsororial artists in the South.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that I written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

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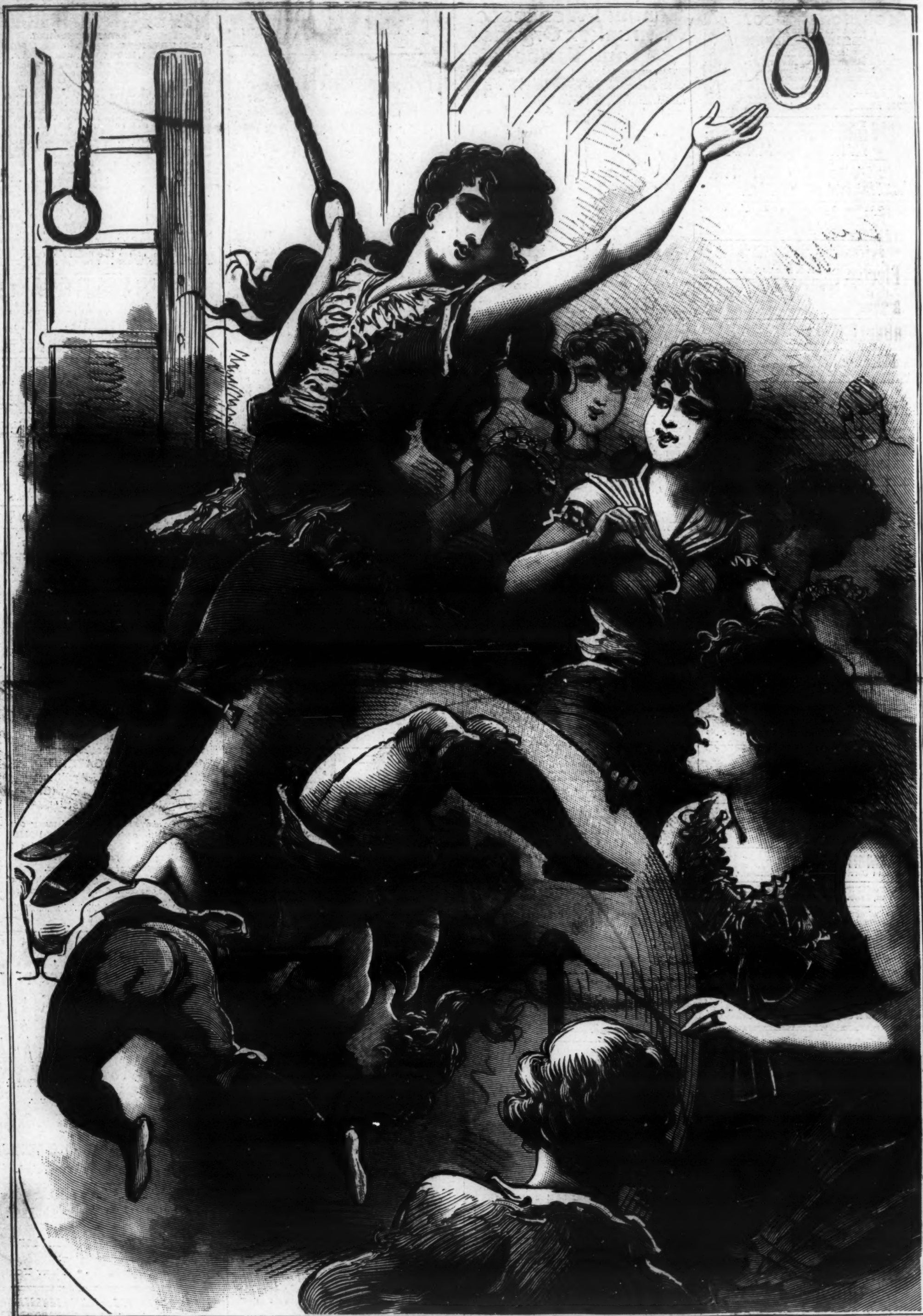
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